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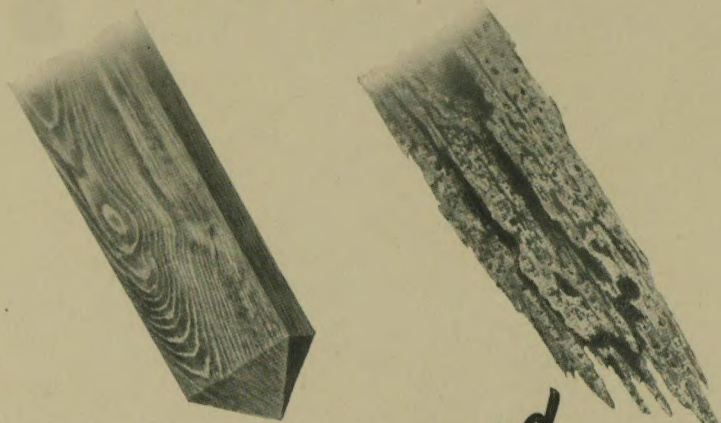
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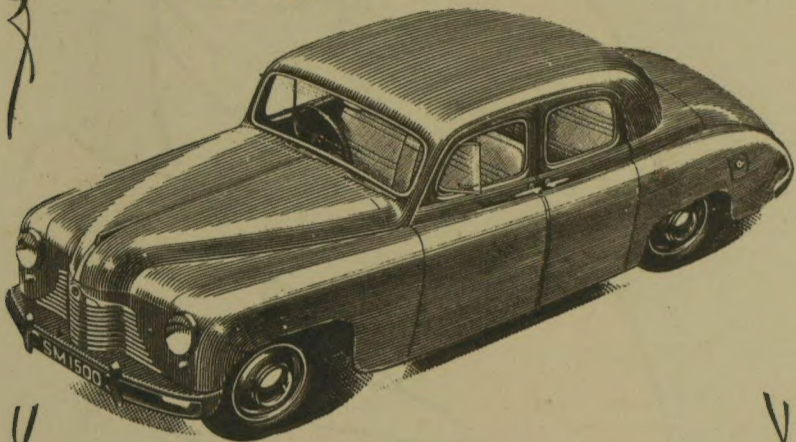
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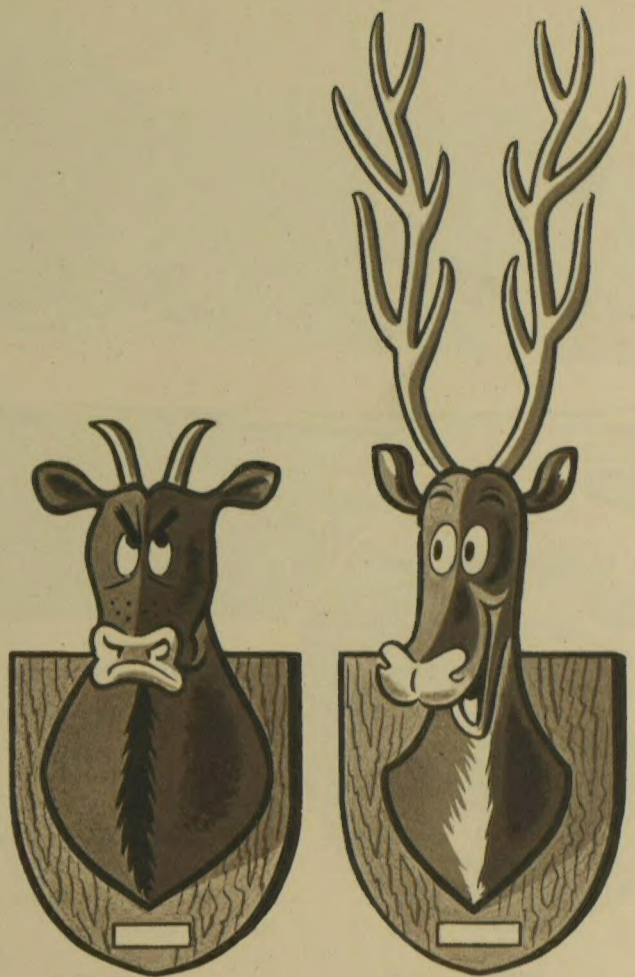


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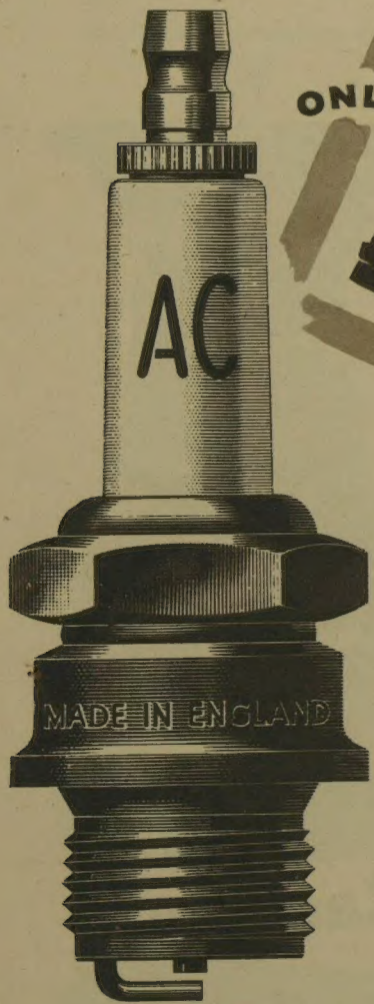
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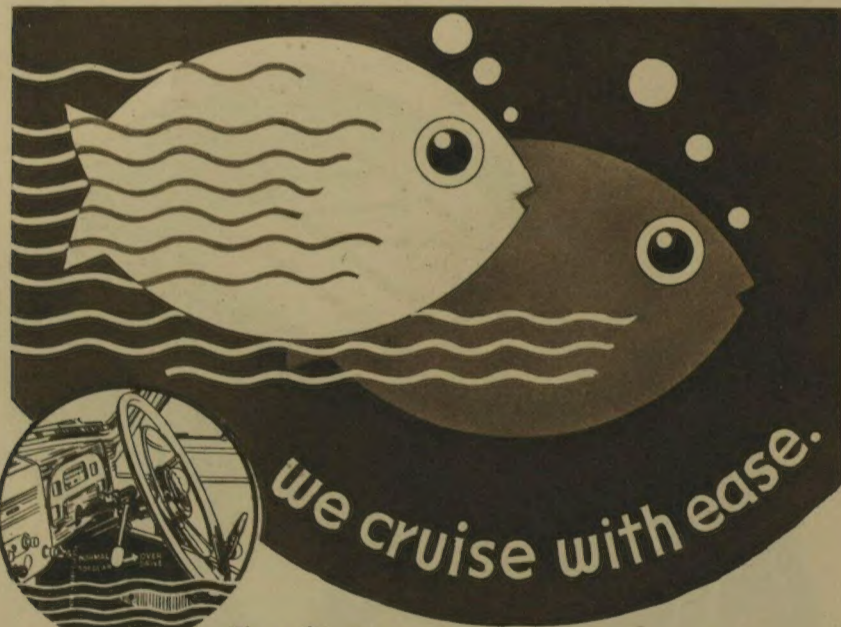
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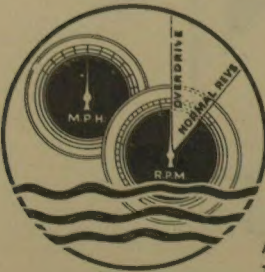
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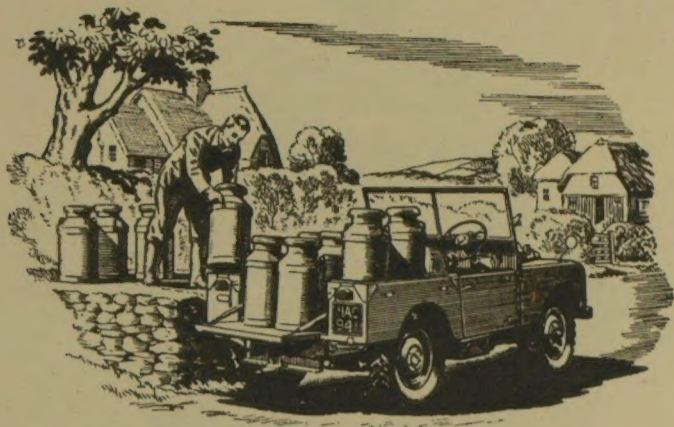
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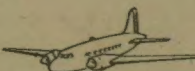


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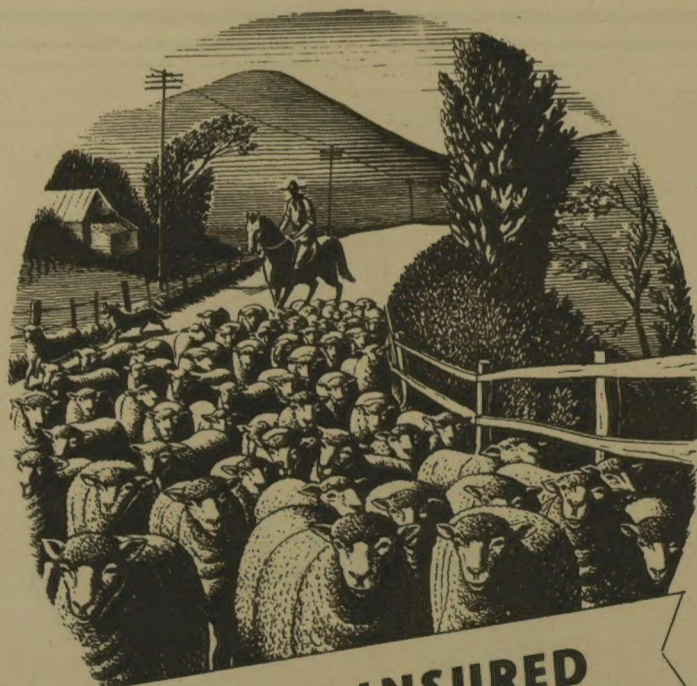


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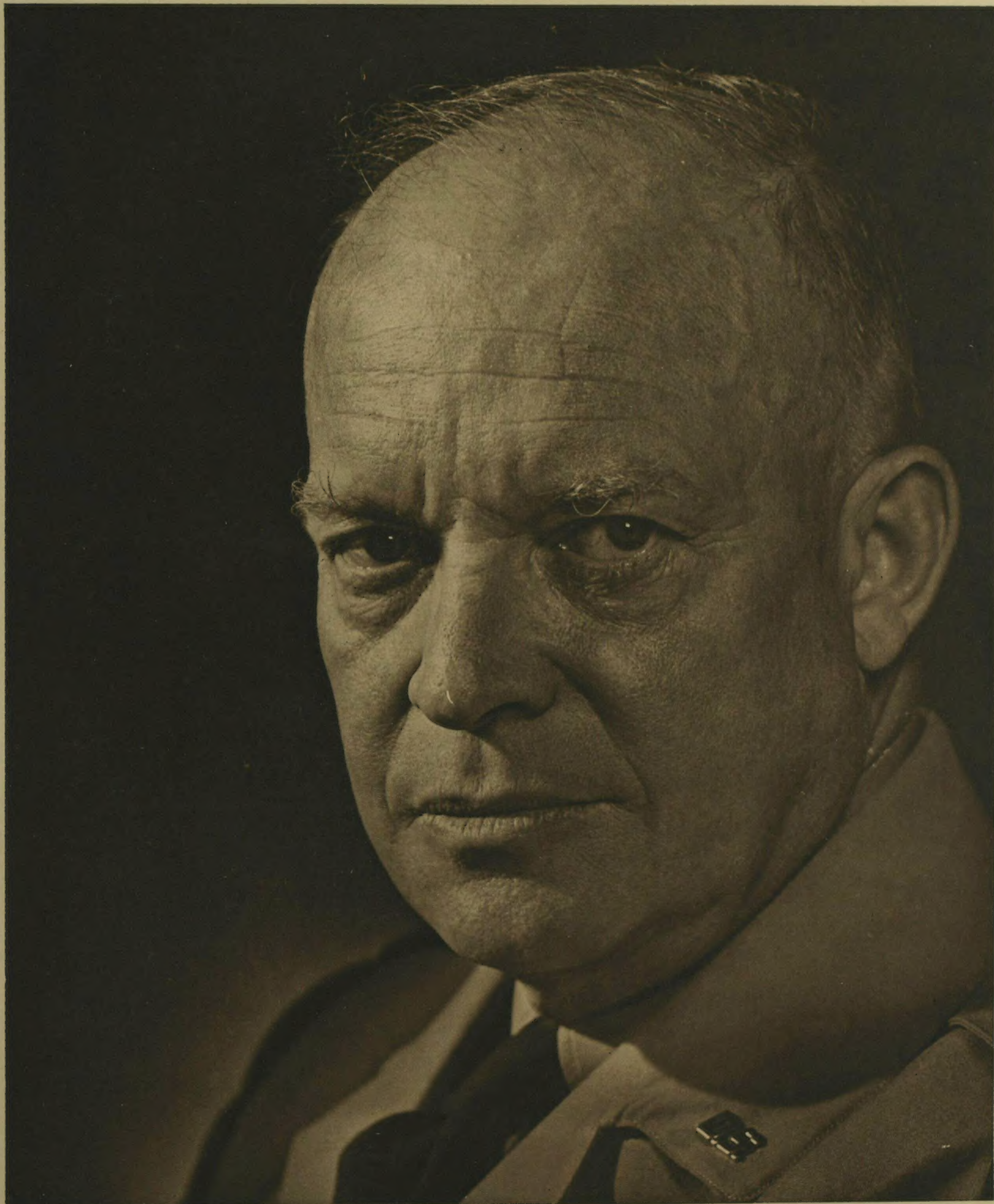
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SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1952.



A MAN OF DESTINY: GENERAL EISENHOWER—WHOM RECENT EVENTS HAVE SEEMED TO INDICATE AS THE MOST PROBABLE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IN AN ERA OF CHANGE AND INTERNATIONAL TENSION.

The political "Primaries" in certain States of the U.S., in which the political parties express their choice for a candidate for the Presidency, do not necessarily affect the final result in the least, but are generally regarded as a means of showing which way the wind is blowing and who would be the party's most popular choice for candidate in the Presidential elections next November. At the time of writing, however, the most favoured runners in the Republican "field" would appear to be General Eisenhower and Senator Taft, and of these two the former has done no personal campaigning.

Among the Democratic runners, Senator Kefauver (without official backing) was leading, with Governor Stevenson and Senator Russell as chief challengers. President Truman's resignation is believed to have simplified the Democratic Party's choice, though the rift between Southern and Northern Democrats would seem as wide as ever; and in the final election in November General Eisenhower would seem most likely to capture those "middle-of-the-road" voters who are without particular affiliations to either Democrats or Republicans. *Exclusive Portrait Study by Karsh of Ottawa.*



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I WONDER how many in this country who mourned the sudden and tragic death this winter of the second Marquess of Linlithgow realised how great a man he was. He was cast, morally as well as physically, in a giant mould. He did not, perhaps, impress the superficial observer at first sight except as a man of exceptional height; there seemed a certain stiffness about him, for he was by nature shy and a little constrained, and never wore his valiant, kind heart on his sleeve. But he was one of those men, not uncommon in his northern country, whose virtues grow more apparent as one learns to know their owners better. And the greatest of those virtues, I think, was his quality of fortitude, which he possessed in a more absolute degree than almost any man I have ever known. He was a figure hewn out of the twin rock of Scottish hardihood and the high, aristocratic tradition of this island. It was possible to conceive of his being destroyed and broken, for men are physical creatures and, by any absolute standards, frail. But it was scarcely possible to think of him surrendering, for he came of a stock and type that never gave in. He was one who could be relied upon, absolutely and implicitly, to die rather than yield, and without a word to anyone. He was both made and made himself such a man.

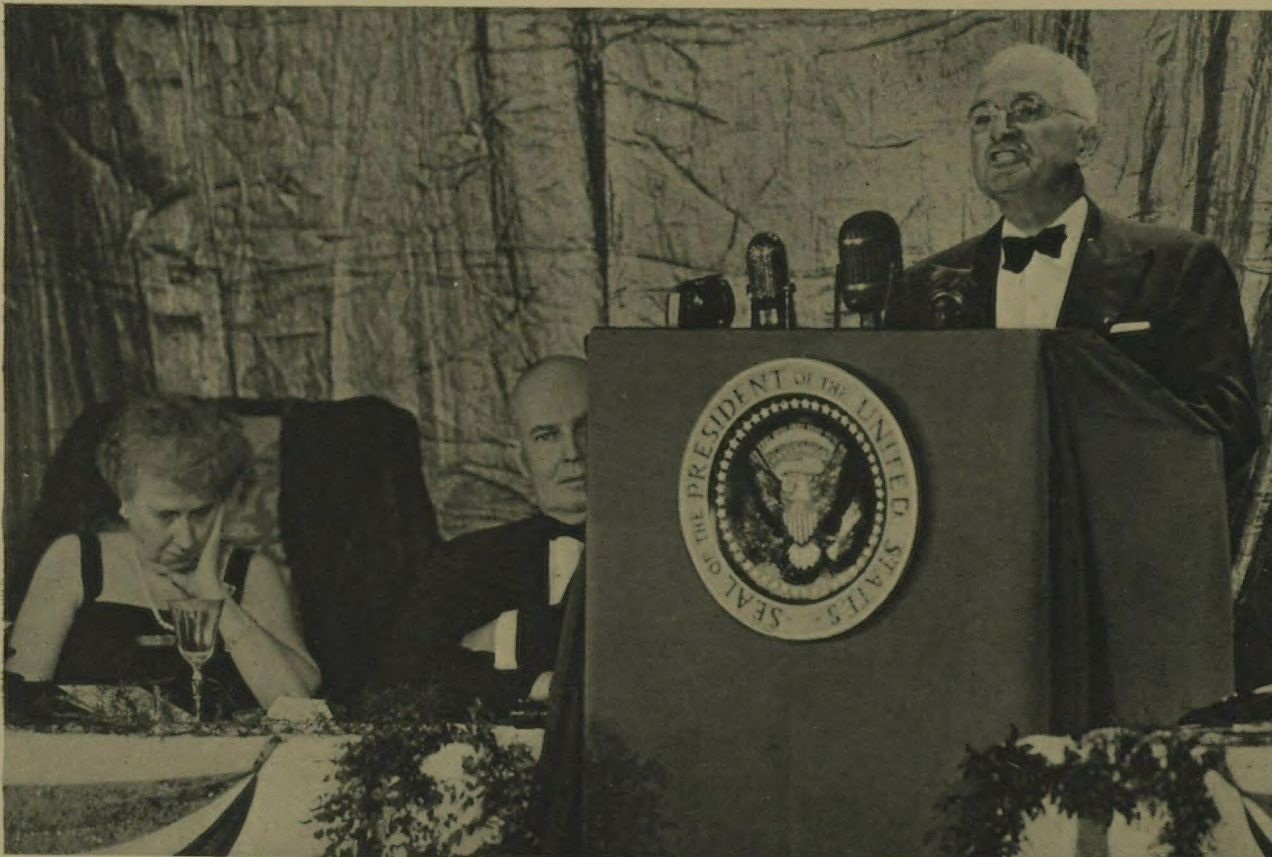
It was the good fortune of this country to enjoy the services of this Roman character just when they were most needed and just where they could be of the greatest good. During those first three terrible years of the war, when Britain shouldered the main burden, not only of her own past follies and unpreparedness, but of everyone else's, Lord Linlithgow's responsibility as Viceroy of India was almost incalculable. While Churchill in our island fortress defied Hitler from the west, three men, two of them Scots and one an Englishman, held the crumbling defences of Southern Asia against the Nazi conqueror and his Axis partners. Nothing can ever repay the debt that Britain and the free world owe to those three men—to Andrew Cunningham at Alexandria, to Lord Linlithgow at Delhi, and to

General Wavell, as he then was, at Cairo. In their different spheres the odds against all three of them were overwhelming, but none of them ever faltered. They sustained their intolerable burdens without a murmur or sign of weakness, and, with them, the great name of Britain for invincibility. They stood against the harsh glare of the eastern sun like three great rocks, as John Lawrence had stood in 1857, or Cornwallis nearly a century earlier. And the courage, and constancy, they showed communicated itself to thousands of their fellow-countrymen, who, sustained and strengthened by their example, showed an equal courage. We are as indebted to them for our survival in those dark years as we are to Churchill and the men who won the Battle of Britain.

Lord Linlithgow's part was not in the battlefield, though war raged all round him and threatened him and India on every side. It was in that of public order and civil government. He had to hold together, by force of stoic character, a dissolving and divided sub-continent of 400,000,000, while the Empire in whose name he exercised his powers was apparently defeated and on the verge of utter disaster. The solitude of his position during those years can scarcely be exaggerated, and, when the full facts of the story can be told, they will reveal that it was even greater than it seemed at the time. Yet he never wavered in his indomitable assurance of Britain's survival and ultimate victory, nor in the inspired faith which his every action, word and gesture communicated to others. He stood imperturbably firm. And he was pitted against not only the immense might and guile of the Axis, and the terrors and doubts of ignorant millions, but against a tremendous but blind, insurgent movement of rising and

triumphant nationalism directed by one of the master spirits of history. Mahatma Gandhi was a great national and spiritual leader—one of the greatest of all time—and, in the view of many of his own people in India and of many, too, in this country, a saint. But in any comparison between him and Lord Linlithgow as to good faith and integrity of dealing in the day-by-day political relationships of those strained years, it is the British proconsul and gentleman, I think, and not the Indian saint and patriot, who stands out as the more impressive figure of the two. Lord Linlithgow, to use a modern cant phrase, conducted all the transactions in which he was engaged, public or otherwise, unflinchingly "on the straight." He never sought petty tactical advantages by the kind of special pleading and equivocation which have become to-day so common a feature of international political life—and not only of international political life—and which have been carried to such lengths in recent years by the men of the Kremlin. Unlike a growing number of even British politicians and administrators, he was what British statesmen prided themselves on being in the past: a man of his bond, which he honoured, always and most scrupulously, not only in the exact letter but in the spirit.

Yet—and this is borne out very clearly by his published correspondence with the Mahatma—he was a first-rate politician. Owing to the straightforward and apparently simple methods he pursued, he took rather longer than his great adversary to get results from his policy, but in the end he achieved them. When the duel between the two men ended with Lord Linlithgow's retirement, the honours between the two were not only even; they were, most surprisingly, in the stately Viceroy's favour. He had led the Mahatma—a master of political manoeuvre—shrewd step by step, to the point where the latter had to choose between self-imposed death and withdrawal, and had selected the issue with such foresight and sound judgment, and such understanding of his opponent, that the Indian leader, faced by that



PRESIDENT TRUMAN SPEAKING AT THE JEFFERSON-JACKSON DAY DEMOCRATIC DINNER AT WHICH HE ANNOUNCED HIS SURPRISE DECISION—"I SHALL NOT BE A CANDIDATE FOR RE-ELECTION." AT THE LEFT SITS MRS. TRUMAN, WITH, IN THE CENTRE, MR. W. B. WILLIAMS, CHAIRMAN OF THE DINNER COMMITTEE.

On March 29, Jefferson-Jackson Day, at the annual Democrat Dinner in the National Guard Armory in Washington, President Truman surprised his 5000 fellow-diners and, indeed, all his countrymen, by his unexpected announcement not to stand again for President. Towards the end of a thirty-minute speech, he read from a slip of paper in his own hand: "I shall not be a candidate for re-election. I have served my country long and I think efficiently and honestly. I shall not accept a renomination. I do not feel that it is my duty to spend another four years in the White House." There had been nothing to prepare his audience for this announcement in the speech, which had been the usual castigation of the Republicans and claims for the Democrat record; and it was plain that those near the President were as surprised by the announcement as the rest of the world. The withdrawal of Mr. Truman from the Presidential race is generally believed to leave Mr. Adlai Stevenson of Illinois as the most likely candidate for the Democrat nomination.

uncompromising challenge, withdrew, not because he was afraid to die but because, master politician that he was, he saw that death on such an issue would gain his cause nothing. The Viceroy had "called his bluff" at precisely the moment when Gandhi, the most sincere of men, had advanced, for the sake of a temporary political advantage, beyond the point where conviction and resolution end and ruse and stratagem begin. It was a masterpiece of timing and psychological insight. And it was partly, though only partly, because of the greatness of character of the man, subconscious timing and insight. He did the right thing because it was second nature in him to do the right thing. He never lied and he never flinched, and a man who sees straight and far ahead—as Lord Linlithgow did—and never lies and never flinches in pursuit of his vision, possesses an advantage in politics which very few men enjoy. The last of the great British proconsuls in India—for his two successors had to conduct a deliberate withdrawing operation and must be judged, each in his very different and distinguished way, by a different standard—Lord Linlithgow had the same kind of moral power in his dealings with other men as the Iron Duke. He

never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power.

He will stand in the annals of British India—and few annals in history have produced more great men—among the immortals, and be remembered as a man of the highest honour who crossed swords with the spiritual leader and hero of Nationalist India and, in that duel, was neither vanquished nor dishonoured.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH THE MINERS: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS VISITS LANCASHIRE PITS.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S VISIT TO LANCASHIRE COAL-MINES ON APRIL 3: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS AT MOSLEY COMMON COLLIERY WITH ONE OF THE MANAGERS.

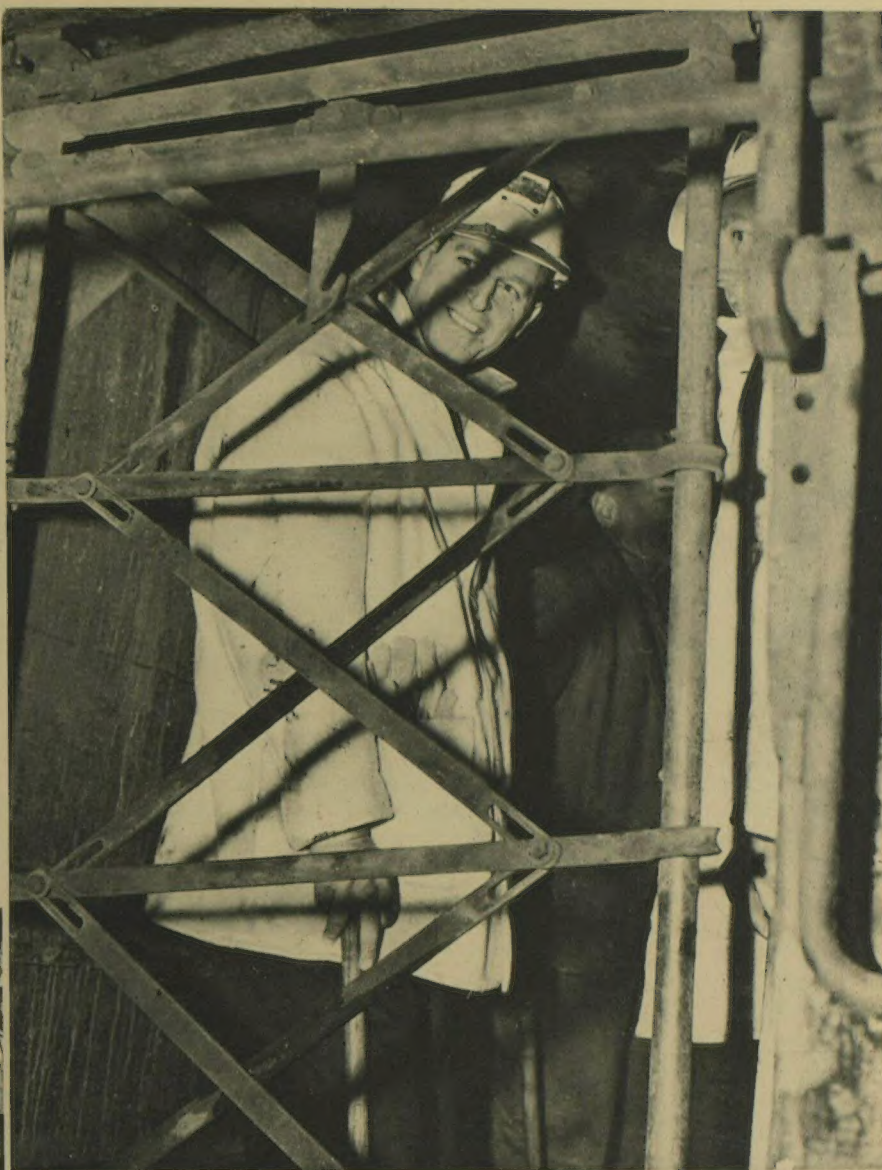


AT THE HOWE BRIDGE TRAINING CENTRE: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WATCHING BOY STUDENTS LEARNING TO "LASH ON" A COAL TUB, DURING HIS VISIT LAST WEEK.



ACCEPTING THE GIFT OF A MINER'S MINIATURE LAMP IN SILVER FOR HIS SON, PRINCE CHARLES: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT ASTLEY GREEN COLLIERY.

The Duke of Edinburgh spent a day with the Lancashire coal miners on April 3. The National Coal Board had arranged a full eight-hour programme, but the Duke arrived early and included some unscheduled inspections during his tour. At Mosley Common Colliery he was shown two methods of bringing coal to the surface. The newer process will eventually raise 600 tons of coal per hour in large skips, each containing 12 tons. The older tubs used in another pit in the same colliery only carry one ton of coal each and are brought up in a four-tiered cage.



THE ROYAL VISITOR IN THE CAGE, DESCENDING A SHAFT AT MOSLEY COMMON COLLIERY: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IS WEARING A LIGHT-WEIGHT PLASTIC SAFETY HELMET.



GOING DOWN ONE OF THE SHAFTS AT THE MOSLEY COMMON COLLIERY IN THE "HOPBIT" (BUCKET): THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO HAD PREVIOUSLY BEEN SEARCHED FOR "CONTRABAND."

The Royal visitor underwent the routine search for "contraband" (matches and cigarettes), and then descended the mine. At the pit-bottom he walked a mile to the coal-face, and crouched there to see a shot being fired. He also saw a new German-designed mechanical cutter in action. After a bath and lunch in the men's canteen, the Duke went on to visit Astley Green Colliery, where he descended Worsley Mine; and saw skip-winding arrangements; and finally he visited Howe Bridge mining training centre, where he took tea with the boy students.



(ABOVE) THE SCENE AT THE FIRST FENCE, WHERE TEN HORSES FELL IN THE FIRST DESPERATE GALLOP. (L. TO R.) NAGARA (P. HIERONIMUS UP); AN UNIDENTIFIED HORSE, WITH ITS JOCKEY ON HIS KNEES; GOLDEN SURPRISE, WITH JOCKEY, MR. T. CLARKE, ON GROUND; AND EARLY MIST, WITH ITS JOCKEY, P. TAAFFE, SHIELDING HIS HEAD.

(BELOW) A POLICE ESCORT FOR THE WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL: TEAL, WITH A. THOMPSON UP, BEING LED IN BY ITS OWNER, MR. H. LANE. MOUNTED POLICE FORM A BODYGUARD ON EITHER SIDE, AND OTHER POLICEMEN HOLD BACK THE CROWD, WHO ARE TRYING TO GET A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE WINNER.

UNDIMMED BY MIST AND DRIZZLE: THE 1952 GRAND NATIONAL AT AINTREE, WHICH WAS WON
A horse which once changed hands for £22 attained the greatest of all steeple-chasing honours when it won the 1952 Grand National at Aintree on April 5. *Teal* (100-12-7), owned by Mr. H. Lane, ridden by A. Thompson and trained by N. Crump, won by five lengths from *Legal Joy*, owned by Miss D. Paget, with

Wot No Sun distanced for third place. *Teal*, a ten-year-old, who had never run on a race-course until a year ago, was in the first two from start to finish. Although the scene was dulled by mist and drizzle which caused poor visibility, the enthusiasm of the spectators never waned, and last year's debacle, when only a handful of



NECK AND NECK AT THE LAST FENCE: TEAL (LEFT) JUMPING ALMOST TOGETHER WITH *LEGAL JOY*. IN THE LONG RUN-IN TO THE FINISHING-POST TEAL HAD MORE IN RESERVE AND DREW AWAY TO WIN BY FIVE LENGTHS IN VERY FAST TIME.

BY TEAL FROM FORTY-SEVEN STARTERS, THRILLS AND SPILLS OF THE GREAT STEEPLECHASE.

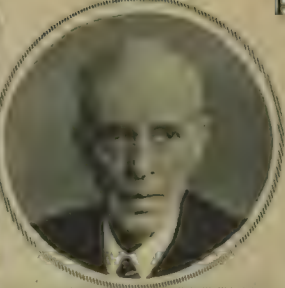
horses completed the first lap, was not repeated. This year, for the first time, the broadcast of the race was not by B.B.C. commentators, but was arranged by Topham's, lessees and managers of the Aintree Racecourse, and transmitted by the B.B.C. a few seconds after it was recorded. This compromise "by courtesy" broadcast, which resulted in widespread criticism, broke a B.B.C. precedent of twenty-five years' standing, and followed a refusal by the Aintree management to allow the B.B.C. to transmit a commentary unless they could guarantee their copyright. The commentators were four men and a woman.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



SIR JOHN COCKCROFT.

Appointed Chairman of the Defence Research Policy Committee in succession to Sir Henry Tizard. He is to hold the post on a part-time basis and will continue as Director of the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell. He recently visited Canada and the U.S. for conversations on atomic matters.



SIR OWEN DIXON.

The new Chief Justice of Australia in succession to Sir John Latham, who retired on April 3. Sir Owen Dixon, who will be sixty-six this month, has been a member of the High Court Bench for twenty-three years. Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister, has referred to him as "a brilliant lawyer of rich judicial experience."



MAKING THEIR FIRST TELEVISION BROADCAST BEFORE LEAVING HOLLAND: QUEEN JULIANA AND PRINCE BERNHARD. Queen Juliana of the Netherlands and Prince Bernhard arrived in Washington by air on April 2 for their three-week State visit to the United States. On April 3 Queen Juliana addressed a joint session of Congress. On their way home the Royal visitors will pay a brief visit to Canada, but the stay will be informal because of the mourning for King George VI.



SIR LEONARD HILL.

Died on March 30, aged eighty-five. A distinguished physiologist whose researches contributed greatly to medical knowledge, he was also a painter and a writer of fairy stories. During the course of his career he held a number of important posts and many distinctions came his way. He was knighted in 1930.



THE MAHARAJA OF BHUTAN.

Died recently at the age of forty-six. He was ruler of an independent State covering some 18,000 square miles in the south-east Himalayas. The inhabitants, numbering some 300,000, are largely Tibetan in origin. He succeeded his father in 1926. His son, who now succeeds him, was born in 1928.



EARL FITZWILLIAM.

Died on April 3, aged sixty-eight. He was the ninth Earl and was unmarried and is succeeded by his second cousin, Captain William Thomas George Wentworth Fitzwilliam, a great-grandson of the fifth Earl, whose claim to the family title was established after a High Court action last year which lasted for a month.



MAJ.-GEN. JOHN C. WESTALL.

To succeed General Sir Leslie C. Hollis as Commandant-General, Royal Marines, on May 20. The original appointment of Major-General H. T. Tollemache to this post was cancelled because of ill health. Major-General Westall, who is a New Zealander, is Chief of Staff to the Commandant-General, Royal Marines.



AIR MARSHAL SIR RONALD IVELAW-CHAPMAN.

Appointed A.O.C.-in-C., Home Command, as from March 31. Until recently he was Chief of the Air Staff and C.-in-C. of the Indian Air Force, and before taking up that post in 1950 he was on the directing staff of the Imperial Defence College.



MR. HOWARD McGRATH.

Resigned on April 3 as U.S. Attorney-General. The announcement was made by President Truman less than three hours after Mr. McGrath had dismissed Mr. Newbold Morris, Special Assistant in charge of investigating Government corruption. The President immediately appointed a new Attorney-General.



WINNER OF THE BRITISH FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS VALDA OSBORN HOLDING THE TROPHY. Seventeen-year-old Miss Valda Osborn, of Richmond, won the British women's figure-skating championship at Empress Hall, London, on March 28. She beat Miss Barbara Wyatt, of Brighton, three years runner-up to Miss Jeanette Altwegg, who has retired. Miss Osborn's mother was among the 5000 spectators.



COMMANDER OF THE LIGHT FORCES OF THE FLEET AT THE BATTLE OF MATAPAN: THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR HENRY PRIDHAM-WIPPELL. Died on April 2, aged sixty-six. During World War II, he played a leading part in the naval war in the Mediterranean, where he was Second-in-Command from 1940 to 1942. At the Battle of Matapan in April 1941 he commanded the cruiser Orion the light force which made first contact with the Italian ships. Acting as a lure, he maintained contact until the main British fleet came into action. He was later engaged in the evacuation of Allied forces from Greece. Before retiring in 1948 he was C.-in-C., Plymouth, 1945-47.



RESIGNED AS DIRECTOR OF U.S. INDUSTRIAL MOBILISATION ON MARCH 30: MR. CHARLES E. WILSON. Director of Defence Mobilisation (the most important domestic post in the United States Administration next to the Presidency) who resigned on March 30 in protest against the Government's proposal for settling the threatened steel strike. Mr. Wilson opposed the proposed wage increases, on the grounds they would mean dearer steel and wage demands.



PRESENTING WRIST-WATCHES TO THE TWO BOYS WHOSE ACTION PROBABLY SAVED HIS LIFE: DR. ADENAUER, THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR. Dr. Adenauer, the German Chancellor, recently received the two young boys whose action in taking a parcel, given to them by a stranger, to the police, instead of posting it, probably saved the Chancellor's life. He gave the boys a wrist-watch each. When a police bomb expert examined the parcel it exploded and killed him. The man who gave the boys the parcel was described as shabbily dressed and about thirty years old.



APPOINTED G.O.C. MALAYA: MAJ.-GEN. SIR H. STOCKWELL.

To be General Officer Commanding Malaya, with effect from June, 1952. He has been Commander, 3rd Division, Middle East Land Forces, since January, 1951. Born in 1903, he was commissioned in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers in 1923. He fought in Norway in the brief campaign of April, 1940, and was awarded the D.S.O. for gallantry in action.



SALUTING HIS MOTHER IN ACCORDANCE WITH TRADITION: MR. DUDLEY SENANAYAKE, THE NEW PRIME MINISTER OF CEYLON. Mr. Dudley Shelton Senanayake, the elder son of the late Prime Minister, who died on March 22 after a riding accident, assumed office as Prime Minister and Minister of Defence and External Affairs on March 26. Mr. Dudley Senanayake, who is forty, was Minister of Agriculture in his father's administration. After graduating at Cambridge he was called to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1934.

NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD: MATTERS MILITARY, POLITICAL, AND PAROCHIAL FROM FAR AND NEAR.



(LEFT.) A SILENT SHOOT: GENERAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER (LEFT) TRYING OUT A DE LISLE—A GUN FITTED WITH A SILENCER—WHEN HE INSPECTED THE 1ST BATTALION, THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS, RECENTLY IN PERAK.

Our photographs of General Sir Gerald Templer, the High Commissioner of Malaya, were taken during a recent tour of Central and South Perak. In London on April 3 Mr. Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, said he was not prepared to accept the implied criticism in the House of Commons that totalitarian methods were being employed in Malaya against the people of Tanjong Malim, and that Sir Gerald Templer's action in the matter had his entire support.

(RIGHT.) TRYING HIS HAND AT OPERATING A MONITOR PUMP: GENERAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER DURING A VISIT TO THE GOPENG CONSOLIDATED TIN-MINE AT GOPENG.



MARSHAL STALIN ATTENDING A MEETING OF THE SUPREME SOVIET OF THE RUSSIAN FEDERATED REPUBLIC: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE FRONT PAGE OF IZVESTIA DATED MARCH 30, WHICH SHOWS MARSHAL STALIN (ALONE, RIGHT); SEATED NEXT TO HIM IS MR. MOLOTOV IN FRONT OF WHOM IS MARSHAL VOROSHILOV. THE CHAIRMAN OF THE PRESIDUM OF THE SUPREME SOVIET, MR. N. M. SHVERNIK, IS IMMEDIATELY IN FRONT OF MARSHAL VOROSHILOV, WHO IS SEATED NEXT TO MARSHAL BULGANIN.

On March 29 Marshal Stalin attended a meeting of the Supreme Soviet of the Russian Federated Republic in Moscow. Among those attending the session were Mr. Molotov, Mr. Malenkov, Mr. Beria, Mr. Mikoyan, Mr. Kaganovich, Marshal Bulganin, and Marshal Voroshilov, all Deputy Premiers, and

Mr. Khrushchev, a Politburo member. At the end of the meeting Marshal Stalin, wearing dress uniform, stood beneath a big statue of Lenin. He was applauded and cheered by the delegates, who cried "Long live Stalin, the great leader of the Soviet peoples!" for five minutes until he left the hall.



MAKING A NEW CARPET FOR THE NAVE ALTAR OF ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL: MEMBERS OF THE CATHEDRAL GUILD AT WORK IN THE DEANERY.

Members of the Cathedral Guild at Rochester, assisted by their husbands, have undertaken to make a new carpet for the Cathedral. It is being made in fourteen sections, and when joined the whole will measure 30 ft. by 9 ft. Two finished sections, joined, can be seen on the floor.



HOME AFTER THIRTY YEARS OVERSEAS: THE 1ST BATTALION, THE ROYAL FUSILIERS, WITH KIT LAID BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, MARCHING OFF TO BARRACKS.

The 1st Battalion, The Royal Fusiliers, the City of London's own Regular regiment, came home from Germany on April 2 after thirty years of continuous foreign service. The Battalion went to Warley Barracks, Brentwood, before moving to the battle-training area in Norfolk to prepare to go to Korea.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF A BORN STORY-TELLER.

"HUGH WALPOLE: A BIOGRAPHY"; by RUPERT HART-DAVIS.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

AT first sight many people might think Mr. Hart-Davis's big book of 500 pages about Hugh Walpole disproportionately large for his subject. But once the plunge has been taken, nothing could be easier to read through. Walpole was very self-revealing in his letters, and his biographer is comprehending and just about his character. Mr. Hart-Davis writes unassumingly and never intrudes: his prose is, as it were, transparent: one doesn't notice it, but merely the things he discloses. And his theme is more abundantly varied than the lives of many novelists would be. Walpole travelled widely, kept voluminous diaries, lived in a succession of beautiful places, read, collected, talked, was much a man of the world socially, was a tireless correspondent, and met an infinite variety of people. One could hardly ask for fuller or more interesting information than this admirable book supplies. Almost the only thing I could wish added would be an account by Walpole of his lunch at the House of Commons with Mr. P. G. Wodehouse and Mr. Churchill.

Of all Walpole's countless friends and acquaintances there is one who comes as a complete surprise: he met Hitler, of all people, when the future Führer was an obscure nobody, and not in a mere casual encounter. Walpole used to go to Bayreuth every year because of an ardent friendship with the famous tenor Melchior; his last visit was in 1925: "This year the storm-centre was Winnie Wagner, and into Hugh's somewhat unwilling ear she would pour out her anxieties. The Rhinemaidens were giving



AT BURY, PULBOROUGH, SUSSEX, IN 1929: A GROUP SHOWING (L. TO R.) JOHN GALSWORTHY; ADA GALSWORTHY; HUGH WALPOLE AND ARNOLD BENNETT. HUGH WALPOLE WAS SPENDING WHITSUN AT THE GALSWORTHYS' HOUSE.

a lot of trouble; the *Parsifal* scenery had a nasty habit of sticking on its way up and down; she was worried about her husband's health and about the future of the Festival if he were to die; but, above all, she was concerned for the present and future fate of Adolf Hitler. He had been released from gaol the previous December, after a year's imprisonment for his part in the abortive Munich *Putsch* of 1923, and had hastened to Bayreuth for succour and asylum. Before his imprisonment he had been dismissed by Siegfried Wagner and his friends as 'one of Winnie's lame ducks,' but now his reappearance at Wahnfried as a convicted revolutionary and ex-gaolbird might bring discredit on the Royal family [i.e., the Wagners] of Bayreuth, so the future ruler of half Europe was compelled to dodge in and out, appearing only after dark, popping up in the Wagner box at the Festspielhaus, and generally behaving like a stage conspirator. He did not then seem important



LONDON, 1909: HUGH WALPOLE AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE. HE WAS BORN IN NEW ZEALAND ON MARCH 13, 1884.

enough to warrant more than a passing reference in Hugh's diary, and it was not until fifteen years later that these meetings were mentioned at any length in print. Then Hugh described how they sat together in a box to hear Melchior in *Parsifal*, and how 'the tears poured down Hitler's cheeks.' The account continues: "I was with Hitler on many occasions, talked, walked and ate with him. I think he rather liked me. I liked and despised him, both emotions which time has proved I was wrong to indulge. I liked him because he seemed to me a poor fish quite certain to be shortly killed. He was shabby, unkempt, very feminine, very excitable. . . . There was something pathetic about him, I felt. I felt rather maternal to him! He spoke a great deal about his admiration of England and the need of her alliance with Germany. I thought him fearfully ill-educated and quite tenth-rate. When Winnie Wagner said he would be the saviour of the world, I just laughed. I was wrong about one thing—his evil. I didn't detect it then. I thought him silly, brave, and shabby—rather like a necromantic orator."

Later on, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, about the time of the invasion of Norway, informed us that Hitler had "missed the bus": Walpole seems to have thought the same way about him earlier: "the lame duck who missed the bus" seems, nevertheless, rather an inadequate description of the violent egoist who, in his desire to assert himself and secure historic fame, let loose forces of destruction which almost overwhelmed our world. The notion of eager, beaming, plump, successful Hugh Walpole feeling "maternal" about him is frankly comic. The feeling, I suspect, was pity for the unsuccessful; and it was, probably expressed in a demeanour partly kind and partly patronising. Anyhow, the extract, with

its confession of his utter inability to recognise the sort of person with whom he was talking, walking and eating, is characteristic of Walpole. A man who (as his biographer notes) loved every dog and wanted every dog

to love him he judged character very superficially and calibre by repute. Even his collections of bronzes, drawings and paintings, one felt, were determined by no deep personal discrimination: everything was lovely, and, if things were in fashion, one could be dead certain that one's admiration was correct. He had his quarrels, but they could be made up: he was always prepared to admit misjudgment, even when he hadn't misjudged, for he hated ill-feeling.

Why, if he had so little penetration into human character, did he make so passable, and so very successful, a novelist? The reason

was that he was a born story-teller. Stories may be of various kinds, and his, grim or otherwise, were fairy-stories. Whether the people were real people or not, he continued to get them moving in a lifelike manner, in easy prose, against vividly seen backgrounds. He felt strongly about his figments, and he communicated his sentiment as powerfully as the late Mrs. Florence Barclay, with whom he may not have cared to be compared. He denied the charge that his work was sentimental: "It certainly is not. I believe in the inherent goodness of many people. I believe that many people have impulses of love and generosity, but I don't think that in the main I deal with these things sentimentally. On the other hand, there is a certain romantic colour behind all my work, and there is always a fight to improve character, and this the modern critic considers preaching, because he maintains that in the novel there should only be statement of fact, no moral bias. I believe this will change. As to monotony, the charge is surely false. . . ."

He certainly took his work with passionate seriousness—it was his life. In a sense, he took it too seriously: he was so anxious to create something memorable, to live in posterity's memory like the work of his hero Walter Scott, that recognition was an obsession with him. Material success he achieved early and increasingly: he died a rich bachelor who had had everything he wanted (until his health failed) except universal acceptance of his magnitude as a novelist. He certainly received plenty of praise, but there were always reservations in the commendations of those for whose unqualified approval he most longed. His attention, alas, tended to fasten more on the fly than on the ointment, and he was driven to the painful choice between suspecting the motives or intelligence of his critics and doubting his own success in achieving his aims. He took the extremist steps to get people to keep his courage up for him: the pleasure of receiving an inscribed copy from him was sadly mitigated by the accompanying letter begging for a review of "much my best book." He was certainly "loved" personally by a great many "dogs": but he regarded them sorrowfully if they merely loved him and were unable to say that his works were wonderful: he wouldn't have minded so much if they had detested him personally and applauded his novels.

Many people remember him with affection; and, although he has been dead over ten years, his books are still in great demand. That would comfort him, could he know it. But he might still be pained at the failure of the connoisseurs to accept him as a classic.



MR. RUPERT HART-DAVIS, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Rupert Hart-Davis was a close friend of Hugh Walpole's later years and one of his executors. Born in 1907, he was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford. After a brief career on the stage he worked in two publishing firms. During World War II, he served with the Coldstream Guards, and in 1946 he started a publishing firm. This biography of Hugh Walpole is the first book he has written.



IN 1926: AN OIL-PAINTING BY AUGUSTUS JOHN. AMONG ENTRIES IN HUGH WALPOLE'S DIARY ABOUT HIS SITTINGS IS THIS ONE ON JULY 3: "ALL WELL AGAIN THIS MORNING. THE PICTURE HAS RIGHTED ITSELF, AND JOHN IN HIS MOST ANGELIC MOOD, SWEET AND KIND. I'M SURE HE HAS NO HUMAN HEART, BUT IS 'FEV,' A REAL GENIUS FROM ANOTHER PLANET THAN OURS."



IN 1933: A BRONZE HEAD OF HUGH WALPOLE BY EPSTEIN. Illustrations reproduced from the book "Hugh Walpole"; by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Macmillan.

* "Hugh Walpole: A Biography." By Rupert Hart-Davis. Illustrated. (Macmillan; 25s.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 640 of this issue.



IN MEMORY OF THE OLD BOYS OF AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN WORLD WAR I: THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL, SHOWING THE FINE REREDOS.



THE BEGINNING OF ANOTHER DAY: THE HOUSEMASTER OF ST. BEDE'S HOUSE, THE REV. P. MASSEY, RINGING THE BELL IN ONE OF THE DORMITORIES.

At Eastertide one of England's Roman Catholic Public Schools, Ampleforth College, in Yorkshire, is celebrating the 150th anniversary of its foundation at Ampleforth. Special services will be held in the chapel over the week-end and over 350 Old Amplefordians will be accommodated in the school. The school, attached to St. Laurence's Abbey at Ampleforth, may fairly claim a heritage as old as any in the country, for it traces its origin to St. Edward the Confessor, whose Benedictine foundation at Westminster, not wholly destroyed by Henry VIII., has maintained to the present day, sometimes in exile and sometimes in its native

CELEBRATING ITS 150TH ANNIVERSARY: AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE, IN YORKSHIRE.



A FAMILIAR AND EVOCATIVE SCENE: BOYS DOING PREPARATION IN "THE STUDY" OF THE SCHOOL BUILDING SUPERVISED BY A MASTER SITTING ON THE Dais.



IN THE SCHOOL LIBRARY, WHICH WAS DESIGNED AND FURNISHED BY A LOCAL CRAFTSMAN: A BOY WORKING IN ONE OF THE MANY CARRELS, OR ALCOVES.

land, the monastic way of life and the scholastic work traditionally associated with the Benedictine Rule. This connection with the historic past of England comes to Ampleforth through Dom Sigebert Buckley, the last surviving monk of Westminster, who had been professed by Abbot Feckenham, under Queen Mary; the corporate succession of the Royal Abbey passed from him to the Benedictine community, which in 1608 found a new home at Dieulouard, in Lorraine. Expelled from France at the time of the Revolution, the community, after some years of wandering, settled at Ampleforth in 1802.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE: LIFE AND ACTIVITIES AT A PUBLIC SCHOOL RE-FOUNDED 150 YEARS AGO.



(ABOVE.) AN ART CLASS AT WORK: THE ART MASTER, THE REV. MARTIN HAIGH, WHO IS ADVISING A BOY (RIGHT), IS ALSO GAMES MASTER.



HEADMASTER OF AMPLEFORTH SINCE 1924: THE REV. V. P. NEVILL, WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR A LARGE PART OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SCHOOL.



BOYS LEAVING THEIR CLASS ROOMS BETWEEN MORNING CLASSES. THE CLOCK TOWER (IN THE BACKGROUND) AND MAIN SCHOOL BUILDINGS WERE BUILT IN 1861.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE is a typical public school, although the headmaster and some of the other masters are Benedictine monks. This well-known Roman Catholic school in Yorkshire is now celebrating the 150th anniversary of its foundation at Ampleforth, and on this and other pages we show photographs which illustrate life in the school. Half of the school staff consists of Benedictine monks, and the other half of lay masters, nearly all of whom are graduates of Oxford or Cambridge. Apart from work, the usual school activities flourish, music, the Arts, carpentry and engineering all having their place. There is a wealth of school societies, ranging from literary and debating to a railway society and young farmers' clubs. There is a contingent of the Combined Cadet Force, and the boys have ample opportunity for shooting on their two ranges, one indoor and one out. A few years ago they won the *Country Life* trophy. There is also a troop of sea scouts, who learn sailing and navigation. Cricket, athletics and rugby football, each in their season, are the main activities. In the College there are 430 boys, divided into eight houses. Four of these houses are separate boarding-houses, the others occupy separate quarters in the main College buildings. There is a Junior House worked as a separate entity under the same headmaster as the main school, and it has ninety boys in it. The preparatory school for Ampleforth is Gilling Castle, an historic and beautiful building, which stands in an upland park on the estate of Ampleforth Abbey, about two miles from the College.



(ABOVE.) BEFORE BEGINNING THE DAY'S WORK: THE ENTIRE UPPER SCHOOL GATHERED IN "THE PASSAGE" FOR MORNING PRAYERS, WHICH ARE LED BY THE HEADMASTER, THE REV. V. P. NEVILL.



(LEFT.) MORNING P.T.: FOR A FEW MINUTES DURING THE MORNING BREAK THE BOYS DO VARIOUS EXERCISES UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF MASTERS, CERTAIN SENIOR BOYS OR MONITORS. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE OLD CHURCH AND THE FIRST PORTION OF THE NEW ONE.



(RIGHT.) MAKING THEIR WAY TO CLASSES FROM OLD HOUSE (NOW ST. OSWALD'S HOUSE), WHICH WAS BUILT AT THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: BOYS PASSING THE STATUE OF ST. BENEDICT OF NURSIA, THE PATRIARCH OF WESTERN MONKS.

RECREATION AND REFRESHMENT AT AN ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL: RUGGER, ROLLER-SKATING, GOLF, BEAGLING AND THE "OFFICE" AT AMPLEFORTH.



PLAYING RUGGER DURING THE EASTER TERM: BOYS AT AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE. THE SCHOOL IS SITUATED DEEP IN THE COUNTRY, OVERLOOKING AN ENCLOSED VALLEY.



ROLLER-SKATING IN THE FORECOURT OF GILLING CASTLE: BOYS AT THE AMPLEFORTH PREPARATORY SCHOOL, WHICH IS ABOUT TWO MILES FROM THE COLLEGE.



A PRACTICE ROUND: BOYS PLAYING GOLF ON THE COURSE WHICH RUNS ACROSS THE GAMES FIELDS IN THE VERY EXTENSIVE COLLEGE GROUNDS.



READY TO SET OFF WITH THE MASTER AND HUNTSMAN: AMPLEFORTH BOYS WAITING AS THE BEAGLES ARE LET OUT OF THE COLLEGE TRUCK.



ILLUSTRATING RUGGER TACTICS ON A BLACKBOARD TO A FEW SENIOR BOYS: THE REV. MARTIN HAIGH (LEFT), WHO IS GAMES MASTER AND A KEEN PLAYER HIMSELF.



SERVING BOYS WITH ICE-CREAM IN THE TUCK SHOP, WHICH IS KNOWN AS THE "OFFICE": THE SCHOOL CRICKET PROFESSIONAL, STUART BOYES (RIGHT).

Ampleforth College is situated deep in the Yorkshire countryside, overlooking an enclosed valley. It is far from any town, York—24 miles away—being the nearest considerable centre. Many of the normal school restraints are therefore easily relaxed and great freedom is allowed. The boys go round the countryside on bicycles and on foot, they hunt with their own pack of beagles, and there are opportunities for boating and swimming in the lake on the school estate. The oldest building is a Georgian house; around this there are grouped several large buildings of the last century and many modern ones designed for the school by

Sir Giles Gilbert Scott. These latter include three school houses, extensive science rooms, class rooms, an infirmary, dining rooms, guest rooms, and the first part of an Abbey church. Much of the furniture at Ampleforth is the work of Robert Thompson, a local Yorkshire craftsman who works in solid English oak. His trade mark, a carved mouse, is now well known in many parts of England, but it was first seen at Ampleforth more than thirty years ago. Although Ampleforth itself passed unscathed through World War II., yet it suffered serious losses in its sons, of whom 126 gave their lives in the conflict.

WHEN Mr. Churchill assumed the office of Minister of Defence, which he has since passed to Field Marshal Lord Alexander, his first act was to issue orders for the organisation into temporary combatant units of those troops in the country who are not normally so treated and many of whom do not normally receive more than elementary combatant training. These forces include National Service men in the first stages of their embodiment; administrative establishments, depôts, and workshops; and certain corps, such as the Army Pay Corps, which commonly have no particular rôle in defence. For this purpose zone commanders were appointed, extra arms were issued, and strictly military training has since been initiated. In some cases which have come under my notice this has involved very heavy work for officers already fully employed on other tasks. At the same time, the Home Guard was revived, with special emphasis on the eastern flank of England but as a nucleus elsewhere.

One simple and obvious reason for these measures is the shortage of land forces in the country, regular divisions and brigades, in consequence of the reinforcement of the British Army of the Rhine and the demands of the Middle East occasioned by the troubles in Egypt. It may be considered that such precautions are natural and that the considerable number of hitherto only partially organised forces remaining in the country ought on any reckoning to be prepared to take their places as the only possible substitute for the regular fighting formations in the defence of Britain against a sudden surprise attack. On another interpretation, the steps taken by the new Government appear in a more significant shape. It is worth while to note that the criticism voiced by the Opposition in the House of Commons of the re-creation of the Home Guard, not very strong in the first instance, ceased almost immediately and is now no longer heard. We may recall also the statements which have been made about Russia's strength in aircraft suitable for parachute descents and air landings, as well as speculations about the possibility of another war starting with attempted air-borne invasion on an unprecedented scale.

What have been the effects of these measures and discussions upon public opinion at large it is hard to estimate. It may have been puzzled by one seeming contradiction, though this may be more apparent than real. Suggestions have come from high places that the danger of war in the near future has decreased rather than become more pressing. The cold war, it is said, has clearly been to a great extent transferred to Asia. General Gruenther, Chief of Staff to General Eisenhower, who has been in the United States giving evidence before the House Armed Services Committee of Congress, has appeared to take a fairly optimistic view of immediate prospects in Europe, but it must be borne in mind that much of his evidence has been given in closed session. The shift of the cold war to Asia is also by no means wholly reassuring from the point of view of the safety of Europe. One of its objects, almost certainly its major object, must be the weakening of the defence of Western Europe, in which it has been successful. This, in its turn, might betoken, not a slackening of interest or aggressive intention in Europe, but a prelude to aggressive action in that continent. At all events we must take it that the somewhat more optimistic views of the safety of the West in the year 1952 are only relative. If the danger does not seem as great as two or three years ago, it is still very grave.

It is difficult to recall any period of modern history in which Europe—and to a lesser degree the world—has lain under a heavier shadow or been subject to a deeper anxiety. The Napoleonic age was in no sense comparable, though people with inadequate historical knowledge often put it into the same category. Napoleon destroyed little but the bodies of men, and some of what else he destroyed was good riddance. His dominion had hosts of supporters in Belgium, in Italy, and most of all in the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. It was not universally unwelcome in Holland or even in Western Germany. Hitlerian Germany constituted a far greater menace to liberty and created far deeper horror. Yet Hitler's Germany did not deliberately

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE OVERMASTERING ANXIETY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

set out to exterminate intellectual and cultural life in all its conquests. It slaughtered and tortured Jews and national elements actively opposed to it, and no condemnation can be too heavy for the methods it pursued, no horror too deep for its abominations. Yet prospects of speedy revival lay before nations liberated from its clutches. Peoples were not scientifically treated with the knife so as to eradicate all their higher instincts, as is the practice of Soviet Russia. Besides, since the beginning of Hitler's aggression, weapons have become more deadly. Finally, Hitler, with all his skill, did not surround himself with so much doubt and uncertainty as to appear intermittently, a monstrous shape glowering out of the fog, then again veiled in it.

This image of the fog applies to more than the affairs of the spirit. It stands also for the material question of the information which is collected and tabulated by all Governments. There the Soviet Government possesses one great advantage. It does not feel itself called upon to disclose to its own citizens the type of information upon which citizens of free nations insist. The people of Russia have to content themselves with a Press and a radio which would appear puerile to our public. Concealment of resources and intentions is thus facilitated. Concealment is carried into public accounting to an extent never

eventual war is inevitable—as is part of the Communist creed—the chance of fighting a successful war is now better than it is ever likely to be. It was, in any case, expected that Russia would complete certain improvements in communications this year or next. The preparations in some of the satellite countries, notably Poland, have been alarming. Perhaps it is here that we shall find the reason for the sudden measures of defence taken in Britain.

Leaving Germany aside, the forces available for the defence of Europe have been strengthened. The British contingent in Germany is far superior in quality and superior also in quantity to what it was a couple of years ago. The French has improved, though it has not come up to expectations and the period of service is still inadequate. The American has been increased. S.H.A.P.E. possesses more control than the old Commanders-in-Chief Committee of Western Europe. The forces in Turkey and Greece, now members of the North Atlantic Treaty, and of Italy, have made some progress. Yet defensive power is still sadly lacking. The revelation of British weakness in modern aircraft of nearly all types and the fact that this will take a considerable time to remedy was disheartening. It is in the air that Russian strength has been revolutionised to the greatest extent and indifferent material, formidable by reason only of its quantity, has been replaced by material of ultra-modern type. The United States is, however, strong in the air, and the miniature atomic weapons for tactical use must be considered an important means of defence; but excessive reliance on their stopping power would be misplaced. The Russian strength in submarines is far greater than that of Germany in 1939, but it is doubtful

whether their tactical handling equals that of the German.

The anxiety implicit in these considerations may not be well founded, at least for the immediate future, but this is not to say that it is unjustified. The risks are so great that we cannot afford to neglect or forget them; nor are they likely to diminish to any great extent unless time is accorded for further strengthening of the defence. There can be no remedy for the present state of affairs but a steady resolve to have no more back-slidings but to press on steadily with the job and make up for as much of the lost time as possible. How necessary is a change of heart was proved some weeks ago when, after it had been agreed that France would have two divisions less this year than had previously been estimated, one publicist then noted that there had also been agreement at an earlier stage about the relation between French and German strength. "Ah," he remarked, with an obvious sigh of relief, "if French strength is cut down by this amount, then, even if the final plan for German rearmament is perfected, the German

force will have to be reduced by a similar proportion." One might have expected a word of regret that the defence of the West, which would have been so dangerously weak in any case, should be reduced first by France's failure to live up to her estimate of possibilities and secondly by this technical excuse for cutting down the extent of future German rearmament.

Meanwhile the Russians have shown that they know how to make use of the time wasted by the West. They have once again dangled before German eyes the bait of reunion, which would, they say, include permission to rearm for self-defence. Chancellor Adenauer himself realises the pitfalls behind this offer, but it has to some extent attracted the Social Democrats and may not be without effect upon some of the members of the two chief parties which provide his parliamentary backing. This diversion comes too at a moment when he already finds himself embarrassed by the impatience of many of his followers with French proposals for the future of the Saar. No one can deny that the progress of Western European defence has been beset by genuine difficulties or that those responsible for it have been faced by perplexing alternatives. Yet it is equally clear that they have fallen far short of the standards of high statesmanship. They may still have time to save their reputations and at least they should act on the assumption that they will.



"DESIGN MAY BE A BIT PICASSO, BUT SHE IS A GOOD SHIP AT SEA": BRITAIN'S BIGGEST DESTROYER, H.M.S. *Daring*, LYING AT HER MOORINGS AT PORTLAND ON MARCH 31, WHEN SHE PUT TO SEA FOR WEAPON TRIALS.

When the 2610-ton destroyer, H.M.S. *Daring*, was conducting weapon trials at sea on March 31, the Fleet Carrier *Implacable* signalled: "I hope she is better than she looks." Captain E. Hale, R.N., in command of *Daring*, replied: "Design may be a bit Picasso, but she is a good ship at sea." H.M.S. *Daring* was laid down in 1945 and launched in August 1949, having been designed during World War II. for possible use against the Japanese. She is of all-welded construction and incorporates many lessons learnt during the war. Every effort has been made to provide for the comfort of the ship's company. Great care was taken when the ship was designed to ensure that the layout of accommodation spaces was the best possible. Her galleys are fitted with electrical cooking apparatus, she has a modern laundry, bathrooms for the ship's company are fitted with stainless-steel basins, and she has many labour-saving devices for cleaning ship. The ship has an extreme length of 390 ft. and a beam of 43 ft., and her armament includes twelve guns, six of them of 4.5 in. calibre, and two pentad torpedo-tubes.

experienced in the modern world, so that it is impossible to estimate with accuracy the expenditure on preparation for war. These tactics are enhanced by the enormous depth of the country, so that, while intelligence about the Western Zone of Russia may be obtained with relative ease, it must be a very different matter in the interior. At the same time, Russia can read in the newspapers intimate details about the affairs of the West and is, of course, far better placed to obtain them through espionage.

Another factor which must be taken into account when considering the year 1952 is that, owing to the deplorable and unwarrantable delays in placing Western Germany in a position to take part in its own defence, it can do nothing this year for that purpose. It remains wholly dependent upon the strength—the still sadly inadequate strength—of the forces of its former foes and conquerors. With foresight, good will and courage, a beginning could have been made by now. France may have been the worst culprit, but other States with less excuse have incurred a serious responsibility for their weakness and timidity—they can hardly be accused of having been blind. Something might be achieved by 1953, though if the matter is handled in the present style the muddle may continue through another year and nothing be effected. One must not shut one's eyes to the possibility of Russia coming to the conclusion that, if



LAIID AND CONTROLLED BY RADAR: TWO OF THE SIX 40-MM. ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS WHICH FORM THE SUBSIDIARY ARMAMENT OF THE DESTROYER *DARING* READY FOR A PRACTICE SHOOT WITH THE GUN CREW STANDING BY DURING RECENT GUNNERY TRIALS OFF THE SOUTH COAST.

ON March 31 H.M.S. *Daring*, the first of eight destroyers of her class which are the biggest yet built for the Royal Navy, carried out her first non-secret weapon trials off the South Coast. These destroyers have been described by the Third Sea Lord as comparable with light cruisers of twenty to twenty-five years ago, but much more powerful and suited to carry out the functions normally assigned to small cruisers. H.M.S. *Daring* is to join the Mediterranean Fleet as the first vessel in a new Second Destroyer Squadron and will be joined by other vessels of her class later this year. Her peacetime complement, as Squadron leader, of 22 officers and 286 men, is considerably larger than that of any destroyer now in commission. She has an armament of six 4.5-in. guns in twin turrets and six 40-mm. anti-aircraft guns, four of which are radar-controlled, and carries the new anti-submarine weapon, the "Squid," on her quarter-deck.



LOADING THE "SQUID" ABOARD H.M.S. *DARING* DURING WEAPON TRIALS: RATINGS RAMMING THE 500-LB. PRACTICE BOMB DOWN ONE OF THE TRIPLE MORTAR BARRELS OF THIS NEW ANTI-SUBMARINE WEAPON ON THE QUARTERDECK OF ONE OF THE BIGGEST DESTROYERS YET BUILT FOR THE ROYAL NAVY.

ARMED AGAINST ATTACK BY AIR OR SEA: RADAR-CONTROLLED ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS AND THE "SQUID" ANTI-SUBMARINE WEAPON ABOARD BRITAIN'S BIGGEST DESTROYER, H.M.S. *DARING*, DURING TRIALS OFF THE SOUTH COAST.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



AS a shrub for the garden, Butcher's Broom, or Knee Holly, *Ruscus aculeatus*, is usually a dull thing, and at the same time a spiteful brute, with its tapered besoms of

rigid, dark green leaves, each armed with a stiff, sharp spine. It can, however, be extremely handsome and decorative. It's all a matter of sex. I can never quite get over a feeling of mild surprise that it is a wild native of Britain, yet it is fairly abundant in some southern counties of England. As a boy I found large clumps of it growing in the Hadley Woods, only twelve miles north of London, and for all I know it may still grow there. I can not imagine anyone bothering to dig it up for his garden, though it is one of those dwarf evergreens that will grow in shade where little else would flourish. There, in time, but very slowly, it spreads into dense evergreen forests several feet across, and about 3 ft. high.

It is surprising to learn that Butcher's Broom is a member of the great Lily family, for anything less like the popular idea of a lily it is difficult to imagine. The fact, however, that asparagus and smilax also belong to the order *Liliaceae*, eases the strain of belief, for the tiny flowers of asparagus and smilax are very like the even smaller flowers of Butcher's Broom, and all three, if carefully examined under a lens, will be found to be decidedly lily-like in structure. The name Butcher's Broom is said to come from butchers having at one time used the branches as brooms for cleaning their blocks. In Italy it has been used for making garden besoms. The young, freshly-sprouting shoots are reported to be eaten like asparagus, in some parts of Europe.

Strange what a lot of different plants are gathered in the "young sprouting shoot" stage, eaten as asparagus, and even said to resemble that noble herb. I have tried a good many of them. Some were just palatable, some revolting, but not one of them either looked or tasted like asparagus. Perhaps Butcher's Broom, being a cousin of asparagus, may come nearer the mark. But how much simpler just to eat asparagus!

What *Ruscus aculeatus* lacks in economic attributes it makes up for with one great big, ironical, botanical joke. The oval, flat, sharp-pointed green things that you or I would call its leaves are, theoretically and botanically, not leaves at all, but phylloclades. Alternatively, you may, if you wish, call them cladodes, but not leaves. Not, at any rate, in correct botanical society. The true leaves, or what botanists call the leaves, are minute, chaffy scales, and it is from the axils of these that the phylloclades spring. Near the centre of each phylloclade there is another minute, scaly leaf, and it is in the axil of this that the flowers appear—and, later, the berry. The flowers, which open in March or April, are quite tiny.

BUTCHER'S BROOM.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

You really need a lens to examine them properly. They are greenish white, and have the characteristic six petals, or perianth segments, of the family.

There are apparently three distinct forms of Butcher's Broom. That which, unfortunately, is commonest in gardens, is dioecious. That is, the

male, or pollen-bearing flowers, and the female, berry-bearing flowers, occur on separate plants, and it is very rarely that both male and female plants occur in the same garden.

It is for this reason that one so seldom sees Butcher's Broom carrying the splendid scarlet berries which can make it so attractive. Then there is the monœcious form, in which male and female flowers are carried on the same plant, so that the female flowers can be pollinated and produce berries. The third form of Butcher's Broom has flowers which are hermaphrodite. It is this form, with its entirely self-sufficient flowers, which fruits the most freely. And when the plant carries a good crop of berries it really is extremely handsome and decorative, for the berries are brilliant scarlet like holly-berries, but quite three times the size. Sitting, as they do, each in the centre of its leaf (enough of this phylloclade nonsense), they have all the rich colour contrast of well-berried holly.

It is only during the last couple of years that I have acquired specimens of the free-fruited Butcher's Broom, and these came from two separate sources. Both came to me carrying good crops of berries, but which form they are, the monœcious or the hermaphrodite, I have not as yet been able to discover. I think I am right in saying that both these forms come true from seed, but the berries or seeds take a long time to germinate, and the seedlings take several years to reach berrying strength and size. But if seeds can be procured, the long wait is well worth while. I remember a fine vase of superbly berried Butcher's Broom being exhibited about a couple of years ago, in a group of berried shrubs at one of the R.H.S. autumn shows. Apart from the garden from which this exhibit came, I can only think of two other gardens, apart from my own, in which I have seen the free-fruited form of this remarkable and interesting shrub.

There is an extremely interesting account of Butcher's Broom in all its various forms in that enchanting book, "My Garden in Autumn and Winter," by E. A. Bowles. This and its companion volumes, "My Garden in Spring" and "My Garden in Summer," are among the very best garden books of their kind that I know. Each one of them is packed from cover to cover with good and

interesting and beautiful plants, with good counsel, garden lore, and wisdom. They come from the author's profound knowledge of horticulture, botany, and a dozen other kindred subjects and, thanks be, they are readable. Published in 1914 by T. C. and E. C. Jack, Ltd., they have long been out of print, and are now hard to come by and, when found, are usually somewhat costly to buy—though they are worth every penny that any bookseller has the hardihood to ask for them. I cannot help feeling that it would be a great service to gardening if Mr. Bowles' three classics could be republished.



BUTCHER'S BROOM—*RUSCUS ACULEATUS*—AN EARLY ILLUSTRATION SHOWING BOTH THE TINY FLOWERS AND THE LARGE SCARLET BERRIES CARRIED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PHYLLOCLADES.

This fine print of Butcher's Broom is one of the illustrations of the "Illustratio Systematis Sexualis Linnæi" and is the work of John S. Miller, dated 1774. Miller was a German artist originally called Johann Sebastian Müller, who changed his name to the English form while working in London. He is not to be confused with the gardening writer of the period, Philip Miller, for whom, incidentally, and to confuse matters even further, he sometimes worked.

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MALAYA'S HOME GUARD, NOW CONTROLLED
BY A NEW COMMANDER: TRAINING MEN
FOR GUARD DUTIES AND ANTI-BANDIT PATROLS.

THE Malaya Home Guard, of which General E. B. de Fonblanque, formerly Defence Commissioner, Penang, Kedah and Perlis, has been appointed Inspector-General, is some 247,000 strong, composed of Malays and of men of other nationalities. "In 1949," writes a contributor to the magazine *Malaya* on Malay Home Guards, "the idea of giving shot-guns to isolated groups of peasants to enable them to defend themselves against the Communist bandits was first mooted. . . . Starting in areas where we thought that the morale was high, we formed groups of Home Guard. . . . From the start the idea 'caught on'; the possession of a shot-gun, a few cartridges and a metal badge with the enamelled device made a man twice the man he was before. . . . Voluntarily they turned out and guarded stretches of track . . . they laid ambushes. On occasion they fought—and killed—bandits. . . . Home Guard inspectors have been appointed, men with experience as soldiers or police." During the month of December, 1951, the first of a series of training courses for Home Guard leaders was held.

(RIGHT.)
THE PRESENTATION
OF NATIONAL SERVICE
BADGES TO FIFTY-SIX
MEMBERS OF THE HOME
GUARD AT TELOK
KUMBAR: MR. M. E. R.
BULLOCH, DISTRICT
OFFICER, BALIK PULAU,
INSPECTING THE PARADE.



OUTSIDE THE HOME GUARD POST, WHICH IS TOPPED BY AN ORNAMENTAL STRUCTURE COVERED WITH FOLIAGE: A GROUP OF THE HOME GUARD AT PENGKALAN KUBOR, TUMPAT, KALANTAN.



SHOWING TYPICAL KAMPONG (VILLAGE) HOME GUARDS: A PARADE AT SUNGEI BULOH, MALACCA. THE HOME GUARD HAS BEEN WORKING IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE POLICE AND THE MILITARY.



WITH THE FIRST BATCH OF KUANTAN HOME GUARDS WHOM HE IS TRAINING AS INSTRUCTORS: SPECIAL CONSTABLE SERGEANT MOHAMED BIN TALIB AT KUANTAN, PENANG.



A DRAMATIC MOMENT IN THE STREET-FIGHTING IN TRIESTE: RIOTERS HURLING STONES AT A POLICE TRUCK EQUIPPED WITH FIRE-HOSES, WHILE SPECTATORS WATCH FROM BALCONIES.

Violent rioting and street-fighting broke out in Trieste on March 20, anniversary of the 1948 declaration by the U.S., Great Britain and France that they favoured the return of the Free Territory (205,200 acres; constituted by the peace treaty with Italy of February 1947) to Italy, by demonstrators calling for this to be implemented. Talks between Britain, the U.S. and Italy on the administration

of the Anglo-American Zone, which includes the port and the city, started at the Foreign Office, London, on April 3. Mr. Eden on April 2 stated in the House of Commons that these conversations were designed to examine with the Italian Government arrangements in Zone A with a view to reaching closer collaboration between themselves and with the local authorities. There was no question of

discussing the future of the Free Territory as a whole, as Britain believed this problem would be best settled by direct negotiations between Italy and Yugoslavia. This is an important point in view of Marshal Tito's speech in Belgrade on April 1, when he accused Italy of an "unprecedented campaign" against Yugoslavia with, he declared, the support of the Western Powers. Mr. Acheson,

speaking in Washington, stated that the Marshal was unnecessarily alarmed. In our issue of April 5 we gave photographs of the rioting in Trieste, and also of the disturbances in Rome, where for three days students staged demonstrations for the return of Trieste to Italy. Milan was the scene of parades of a similar nature.



TELEVISION AS A NEW AID IN SALVAGE WORK: HOW THE UNDERWATER CAMERA IS USED WITH VARIOUS

Our readers may remember that the first details of the fractured "schooner" apparatus of the sunken submarine *Affray* were obtained by means of a submarine television camera. The device is still in its early stages of development, but may in the future be of great use to divers and for underwater examinations of wrecks, ships' bottoms and marine structures. Many of the difficulties and, to some extent, the risks of diving are due to the "blindness" of those in charge of the operation on the surface. It must have occurred to many salvage officers that if only they could get a clear view of the wreck and the state of the work on it, they would be able to direct operations more efficiently and with less time

wasted on "inspection" dives. This need is met by underwater television, whereby the diver can be seen at work on a screen in the salvage ship. The salvage and diving officers are thus able to follow the progress of the work, direct the diver, and advise him when in difficulty. Moreover, in the past the relief diver has had to wait to get details of the work from the other diver before going down. Now he can see exactly what the diver below is doing and can go down and continue the work while the other is still "decompressing" on his way up. The television camera tube has to be of the most sensitive type and is housed in a steel cylindrical pressure-resistant casing about 18 ins. in diameter and 24 ins.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A., WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF MESSRS.



TYPES OF DIVING EQUIPMENT AND AT GREAT DEPTHS SO THAT EXPERTS CAN ASSIST THE DIVER.

long. The lens in the casing is of special plate glass some 1 1/2 ins. thick, and is able to withstand the tremendous water pressure at great depths. The camera casing is mounted on a tubular steel frame, or gantry, which is fitted with eight 150-watt tungsten lamps for illumination. Pressure-resistant multiple cables for controlling the camera and the power cables for the lamps lead down from the control panel on the surface. At present the apparatus has been tested to a depth of 600 ft., where the water-pressure is 264 lb. per sq. in. In our illustration the camera is shown being used at various depths with modern types of diving apparatus. A diver in the ordinary type of flexible suit and breathing air cannot do

much useful work below 240 ft., though by breathing helium-oxygen he can go a little deeper. A diver inside the latest type of diving armour can do a limited amount of work at well over 600 ft. Finally, at greater depths, a diving-chamber is used, in which the diver can only see and direct the salvage operations without being able to do any work himself. In the latter operation television will be very useful as the men operating the grabs or other salvage gear will be able to see what is happening nearly as well as the diver in the diving-chamber. The distance at which the tungsten lamps will light up an object depends on the turbidity of the water, but on an average an object 12 to 20 ft. away should be visible.

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A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

BOOKS AND WRITING.

By FRANK DAVIS.



I SUPPOSE this is a common experience—the exasperating way in which books jostle one about in a house, overflowing here and there and behaving generally as if you belonged to them and that they



FIG. 1. "HOW TO DISPOSE OF EXCESS WISDOM": A MAHOGANY CIRCULAR BOOK-STAND WITH FIVE REVOLVING TIERS.

"... once you have become accustomed to the notion of so strange a structure, you begin to see that it is a well-balanced and harmonious piece," writes Frank Davis of this lofty book-stand, which is 6 ft. 9 ins. in height.

were doing you a favour by taking up their abode with you. Not even cats can be more supercilious, but cats have this great virtue—they clean themselves, whereas every woman knows what a business it is to dust bookshelves and to make sure that each volume is put back where it can be found. The consolation is, I suppose, that as books become more and more expensive we are likely to own fewer and fewer of them and will take more pains to ensure that those we buy are worth having.

I happened to be probing about thinking of this problem, and full of envy for the fortunate owners of large, lofty rooms, when I came across the library table of Fig. 1, which is a late eighteenth-century or early nineteenth-century solution. It is not, of course, a complete reply to the question of how to dispose of excess wisdom, for it requires a certain amount of elbow-room if it is to be of real service, but it is sufficiently unusual to merit a brief note, is simple and ingenious, and proves once again that our ancestors were practical men and not afraid of innovations. Contrary to some opinions, I hold that it is a pleasant piece, not only because it is a nice example of good craftsmanship—this, I think, is obvious from the photograph, which shows up the detail pretty well—for example, the carefully modulated groove round each story (if I can use the term)—but also because, once you have become accustomed to the notion of so strange a structure you begin to see that it is a

well-balanced and harmonious piece. The circular table itself—mahogany—is a very good thing of its kind, and the tripod legs end in brass paw feet. The feet of this sort of table—and indeed of most sofa tables—generally finish in this way (that is, when they are of metal, as is usually the case) or in square, undecorated, feet as in Fig. 2, which is another and more complicated version of those circular tables intended for a library-cum-office.

The revolving book-stand has four drawers and a leather writing-slide; the table is an answer to the prayer of the man who has a passion for hoarding oddments of papers, from old dance programmes to newspaper cuttings, for it has no fewer than twelve drawers and four angle cupboards. The upper part revolves on an octagonal pillar which is supported by four ribbed legs. The top is leather-lined, as indeed all good library tables and desks should be.

If both these pieces can be classed as agreeable—indeed, distinguished—eccentricities rather outside the normal tradition, with Fig. 3—which is about the same date, that is, a few years before or after 1800—we are at the very end of a whole series of experiments with the object of making writing a pleasure. The type is known as a "Carlton House" writing-table, presumably because one such table was made for the Prince Regent's Palace of Carlton House, on the site of which Carlton House Terrace was built later. If you want a reminder of that mansion, which was greatly admired in its day, go to Trafalgar Square, face north and look at the National Gallery, where the pillars of the portico are those of old Carlton House—as far as I know, the only fragment of the place to be used elsewhere. I have a particular liking for this type of table; I don't know why, except that it seems to me to be harmoniously constructed, to provide all anyone can want in the way of drawers, and to be extremely practical, for the latticed brass rail prevents books and papers sliding off. It is not surprising that it became a popular pattern or that many rosewood spinets have in modern times been ingeniously adapted in the same style. For my part, I cannot look at such a thing



FIG. 2. WITH TWELVE DRAWERS AND FOUR ANGLE CUPBOARDS: A CIRCULAR MAHOGANY LIBRARY TABLE.

This circular library table "is an answer to the prayer of the man who has a passion for hoarding oddments of papers, from old dance programmes to newspaper cuttings, for it has no fewer than twelve drawers and four angle cupboards. The upper part revolves on an octagonal pillar which is supported by four ribbed legs."



FIG. 3. DATING FROM C. 1800: A SMALL "CARLTON HOUSE" WRITING-TABLE, 4 FT. 6 INS. IN LENGTH, DESIGNED TO MAKE WRITING A PLEASURE.

This example of the well-known type of "Carlton House" writing-table is of small size. Much larger ones are in existence, with two or three tiers of drawers in the upper part. Illustrations by courtesy of M. Harris and Sons.

without casting my mind back over several generations of many good, and some, it must be confessed, uncommonly bad cabinet-makers, but all with ideas of one sort or another.

One realises with surprise how comparatively modern with us is the notion of a table or desk set aside specially for writing. For example, when the inventory of the contents of the Royal palace was drawn up under the Commonwealth, there is no mention of a writing-table as such, although Charles I. was a man of much more than average culture. It is safe to assert that by the middle of the seventeenth century there would not be a palace in Italy which could not boast of a dozen or more. It was not until the eighteenth century that the most familiar type—the pedestal desk, that with drawers down each side—became fashionable.

This, as often as not, was an imposing structure, beautifully carved and finished, and intended for the centre of the room, as fine at the back as at the front and with drawers back and front as well; and here I think we can claim for Samuel Pepys the honour of being the first, or at least among the first, to approve, if he did not invent, this most useful piece of furniture. The evidence? The oak pedestal desk which belonged to him and which he bequeathed with his library to Magdalene College, Cambridge. This must have been made for him about the year 1670—that is, a good half-century before such a thing was regarded as indispensable, as it was in the days

of Chippendale, who publishes no fewer than eleven separate designs in his "Director" (1st edition, 1754), explaining "These frequently stand in the middle of the room, which requires both sides to be made useful." After that, there were many kinds of ingenious little bureaux, mostly adaptations of equally ingenious French pieces. They are all rather good fun as well as good cabinet-making, as, for example, a delicate, spindly design by Sheraton, in which a screen can be made to rise up at the back, with the naïve explanation that "The convenience of this table is that a lady, when writing at it, may both receive the benefit of the fire, and have her face screened from the scorching heat."

And so to the less whimsical Fig. 3 and Carlton House. This one happens to be of small size—4 ft. 6 ins. in length. Much larger ones are in existence, with two or three tiers of drawers in the upper part. They are particularly graceful when only one drawer at each side is flush with the front in a series of steps. If my memory is correct, they all have turned legs, as in this example. I cannot call one to mind with any other sort. Perhaps, though, some reader owns such a table but with square legs—such a device would, I think, be more in keeping with the upper part. I have seen one fitted with a pair of double brass candlesticks, placed at each side, just in front of the back rail.

ON PARADE AGAIN AFTER THIRTEEN YEARS: THE SILVER KETTLE-DRUMS OF THE 3RD HUSSARS.

The following notes on the famous silver kettle-drums of the 3rd The King's Own Hussars were written by Captain I. G. W. Grant, and are illustrated with photographs by Sergeant C. Healey.

IN February, at Bielefeld, Germany, for the first time in thirteen years, the historic silver kettle-drums of the 3rd The King's Own Hussars appeared on a regimental parade. Gauntlet, the drum-horse, arrayed in full accoutrements, carried the drums. The horse and the drummer (he wearing full-dress uniform and the silver collar—another link with the past) were in some sense the focal point of a colourful ceremony. The occasion was the annual inspection of the Regiment. The last time the drums appeared in public was at the Tidworth Tattoo in 1939. They were then carried by Mary, a grey, (Continued below)



THE SILVER DRUMS OF THE 3RD THE KING'S OWN HUSSARS—THE REGIMENT'S COLOURS: ON PARADE FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1939—AT BIELEFELD, GERMANY, ON THE ANNUAL INSPECTION OF THE REGIMENT.



THE SILVER DRUMS OF THE 3RD HUSSARS: ORIGINALLY CAPTURED FROM THE FRENCH AT DETTINGEN IN 1743. THE ORIGINALS WERE DESTROYED IN A FIRE AND THESE ARE REPLICAS OF THEM.

(Continued.) who had seen service with the regiment in Egypt, India and England. With the outbreak of World War II., the tank displaced the horse in the 3rd Hussars; Mary was retired, and the drums put in store. By tradition, the drum-horse is a grey, but, as a suitable one could not be found, Mary's successor is a bay. In the 3rd Hussars the drums are the regimental colours, taking the place of the colours or guidons carried by most other cavalry regiments. Traditionally the drums are never covered on parade. For this reason, they were not draped for the Bielefeld inspection. The original drums were captured by the regiment, then the King's Own Dragoons, from the French at the battle of Dettingen, on June 16, 1743. As an added distinction, King George II. ordered that (Continued below, centre.)



THE THREE-INCH-HIGH SILVER COLLAR—ANOTHER REGIMENTAL TREASURE—HERE WORN FOR THE BIELEFELD PARADE BY THE DRUM-SERGEANT. IT DATES FROM 1772, WHEN IT WAS PRESENTED TO THE REGIMENT BY LADY SOUTHAMPTON.



A CLOSE-UP OF ONE OF THE SILVER KETTLE-DRUMS, BEARING THE REGIMENT'S BATTLE HONOURS. THE DRUMS ARE NEVER COVERED ON PARADE.

(Continued.) the regiment should be allowed a kettle-drummer and a horse in excess of its establishment. That Royal decree is still in force. The silver collar worn by the kettle-drummer is 3 ins. high and is hinged and fastened at the back. It was presented to the Regiment in 1772 by Lady Southampton, whose husband, Charles Fitzroy, Lord Southampton, was then commanding. Apart from their strong and jealously guarded ties with the past, the 3rd Hussars have a tradition of being pioneers in whatever is new in the military sphere. They were the first cavalry regiment to be equipped with tanks and, later, in 1946, became the first, and so far the only, regular cavalry regiment to become airborne. It is fitting, therefore, that this Regiment, part of a modern and highly scientific Army, should preserve, with proper ceremony, its links with a long and honourable history.



THE SADDLE-CLOTH BEARING THE REGIMENTAL HONOURS. SINCE 1834 HUSSAR REGIMENTS CARRY NO GUIDONS AND THE BATTLE HONOURS ARE CARRIED ON DRUM-CLOTHS AND OFFICERS' SADDLE-CLOTHS.



ALWAYS READY FOR MEALS: *HERBERT* SHOWING GREAT ENTHUSIASM AS HIS KEEPER BRINGS HIS DISH OF MILK, OIL AND FISH.



SHUFFLING ALONG TO HIS USUAL FEEDING-PLACE: *HERBERT* APPROACHING HIS DISH AFTER SCRAMBLING ON SHORE AT MEALTIME. HAVING BEEN HAND-REARED, HE IS FRIENDLY AND AFFECTIONATE.



A CLOSE-UP OF *HERBERT*, A YOUNG ATLANTIC WALRUS WHO REACHED THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK ON OCTOBER 18, 1951, WHEN AGED SIX MONTHS.

HERBERT, the young Atlantic walrus pictured on this and our facing page, was hand-reared and is thus friendly and affectionate. He keeps a sharp look-out for the arrival of his keeper with his dish of fish and milk and oil, and on seeing him, scrambles out of the pool and moves to the usual feeding-place with eager, shuffling gait. He gobbles up every scrap, then takes a header into the water. A full-grown walrus weighs some 3000 lb., so *Herbert* still has to put on weight, and his "tusks" (actually canine teeth), used, it is believed, in the wild state to dig shell fish out of sand, for food, have yet to become visible. Photographs by Mr. Sam Dunton; reproduced by Courtesy of "Animal Kingdom," the magazine of the New York Zoological Society.



HERBERT TAKES A HEADER INTO HIS POOL. AFTER HAVING FINISHED HIS RATION, THE YOUNG WALRUS ALWAYS HURRIEDLY RETURNS TO THE WATER TO SWIM ABOUT AND DIVE.



POISED ON HIS FLIPPERS AT THE TOP OF THE STEPS CONSTRUCTED BY HIS KEEPER: HERBERT, HIS MOUSTACHE ALREADY DIPPED IN HIS DISH OF FISH, MILK AND OIL:



A STUDY IN CONCENTRATED APPRECIATION OF A WELL-CHOSEN DISH: HERBERT, THE YOUNG ATLANTIC WALRUS, GETS DOWN TO HIS DINNER.

MEALTIME WITH HERBERT IN THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK: THE TABLE MANNERS OF A YOUNG ATLANTIC WALRUS.

Charm is not a quality usually associated with the walrus (*Odobænus rosmarus*), a large marine mammal allied to the seals, but best known for its classic connection with the Carpenter. Herbert, however, a young Atlantic walrus in the New York Zoological Park, has a most engaging personality. Born last May,

he reached New York from Denmark on October 18, 1951, and at the tender age of six months weighed 240 lb. On this and our facing page we reproduce photographs of Herbert taken by Mr. Sam Dunton and reproduced by courtesy of *Animal Kingdom*, the magazine of the New York Zoological Society.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



BRITAIN'S UNOBTRUSIVE MAMMALS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

The house mouse is hardly a wild animal, being more properly styled a commensal with man, but Dr. Matthews' account of it represents for me one of the most surprising pieces of new knowledge. I

TWO summers ago I spent three weeks in a relatively unspoiled part of Sussex. My constant objective during that time was the study, more especially, of wild mammals. From a variety of signs, such as tracks in the mud, holes in ground, squeaks, calls and whistles, together with scats or the remains of meals lying about, it was fairly certain that no fewer than twenty-one species of mammals were resident in the locality. The species seen and identified by me numbered eleven, and this included five species of bats, the ubiquitous rabbit and the brown rat. By contrast, during this same time, I saw and identified fifty-two species of birds, without going out of my way to look for them, and it is probable that this represented something very near the total avifauna for the district. My experience during those weeks has, of course, nothing remarkable in it, unless it be that my luck was out in seeing so few mammals. For example, not once did I see a squirrel, yet the cob-nuts were stripped from a group of trees in the garden where I was staying almost overnight—probably during the early morning when I was up the river trying to catch a view of a pair of otters, whose whistles I heard, whose trails I had found, but of whom I never so much as saw a bristle. My experience over those three weeks also exemplifies why we know so much more about the habits of British birds, and so little about our native mammals. And, incidentally, why bird-watching is so popular, and so little is heard of mammal-watching.

It may be that a new book by Dr. L. Harrison Matthews, "British Mammals" (New Naturalist Series, No. 21: Collins; 25s.), may help to redress this balance. And if you fail to see mammals for yourself, the next best thing is to read what someone else has to say about them, especially when that author writes as an authority and draws for his narrative upon the most up-to-date literature of his subject. It is not my purpose here to review Dr. Matthews' new book but to recount some of the more interesting things he has put into the 400 pages of his text. Naturally, during my three weeks, I learned quite a good deal about the habits of most of the eleven species of mammals referred to, and on other such excursions, as well as by reading and other forms of study, my knowledge of mammals, for an amateur, is tolerably satisfactory. Even so, there were not many of these 400 pages that failed to provide fresh information or interesting reading, principally because their author deals less with the things one can see in the field and more with those things which help one to interpret what can be seen.



"WHEN SEVERAL ARE PLAYING IN COMPANY THEY CHASE EACH OTHER, BOX AND WRESTLE TOGETHER, TURN SOMERSAULTS AND LEAP SEVERAL FEET INTO THE AIR . . . SINGLE STOATS MAKE USE OF ANTICS SUCH AS THESE WHEN HUNTING": A STOAT SPRINGING AT A THRUSH, THE TIP OF WHOSE TAIL IS JUST VISIBLE.



A SPECIES THAT APPEARS TO HAVE GREATLY DECREASED IN NUMBERS AND WIDENESS OF DISTRIBUTION DURING THE LAST CENTURY: THE HARVEST-MOUSE (*MICROMYS MINUTUS SORICINUS*), WHICH HAS A PARTLY PREHENSILE TAIL, GIVING EXTRA SUPPORT AS THE ANIMAL CLIMBS AMONG BUSHES OR HERBAGE. On this page Dr. Burton discusses some aspects of a recently published book, "British Mammals," by Dr. L. Harrison Matthews. Our reproductions are from the book, which is illustrated with photographs and sixteen colour-plates.

Reproductions from "British Mammals"; by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Collins.

suppose, like everyone else, I was aware that the house mouse is not found in houses only, but it was a matter for surprise to learn that there are four kinds, differing considerably in habits. There are those eking out a hard living in houses, factories and warehouses; a rural population on farms; and a smaller feral population in fields. But the "most unexpected environment in which house mice flourish is that provided by the cold stores in which meat is kept for long periods. Here the mice do well in what would appear to be very adverse conditions. In total darkness, and in a temperature never above 15° F. (about -10° C.) with no food other than meat, the mice breed and live their whole lives." They make their nests of the hessian wrappings, often burrowing into and actually nesting in the carcasses, yet, in spite of the adverse conditions, are larger and more prolific than their relatives outside. They produce an average of 6½ litters a year, with six to seven young in each litter. In other words, they have families of forty or more a year.

There is a great deal more in the book about plagues, of voles, mice, rats, rabbits, and so on. And much about their breeding habits and especially the physiology of breeding, including all that is known about the remarkable phenomena of delayed implantation and the pre-natal mortality, coupled with a reabsorption of the embryos, in rabbits. There is also much to be learned about the way man has given free rein to these plagues by wantonly killing, on one pretext or another, the natural predators that would help to keep them in check. Dr. Matthews' comments on the slaughter of stoats, weasels, badgers, and the rest are of particular value, since he writes objectively, so that one feels he has given the truth unobscured by sentiment for one side or the other. In other words, he has represented the present-day tendency in zoological thought. It would be wrong to leave the impression that the emphasis in the

book is on these matters. They arise more incidentally. There is, for example, a very full exposition of the biology of bats, with special reference to the way they use echo-location in hunting. There is useful information on how our native fauna came into being, how it is classified and why; notes on hibernation, on feeding habits, seasonal changes in colour, and the working of the senses.

Natural history, like everything else in the world, has its ups and downs. At the risk of appearing to plagiarise William Shakespeare, one may compare it with the stage of a music-hall. For a time, one comedian holds the stage and receives the plaudits of the audience. In the meanwhile, another comedian is in the wings awaiting his turn, going over his part, seeing that his make-up is in order and generally preparing for his entrance. The study of birds has long been held in the limelight and much valuable information has been gained. It would be wrong to say that we have learned all we can, but in some directions the field is becoming exhausted; or perhaps it would be more true to say that a new fillip is needed, the stimulus of comparative work. This is more especially the case in the analysis of behaviour. We have, on the one hand, much new knowledge of the behaviour of birds and, on the other hand, much detailed investigation has been made of the psychology of the apes, of the behaviour of domesticated stock and of pets or animals in captivity. In spite of some excellent treatises on single species, and a large assortment of interesting notes, there are tremendous gaps in our knowledge of wild mammals as a whole.

When the gap between our wide knowledge of birds and of the higher apes is filled in it will be more easily possible to relate these to each other and to what is known in human beings, especially in the field of psychology. The brain of many mammals is large in proportion to the size of the body, and the surface of the cerebral hemispheres is heavily convoluted. "Correlated with the large and well-developed brain a high degree of intelligence is found in many carnivores—the senses of sight, hearing and smell are acute—and their behaviour is such that most people are unable to resist attributing a higher degree of intelligence and understanding to their pets than is really justified. Nevertheless, one may well believe that the simpler mental processes and the emotions of man are in some ways paralleled by those of the carnivores." Perhaps "British Mammals" may help to bring on the next act. It should be worth watching.



VERY ARBOREAL IN ITS HABITS AND AN EXPERT AT CATCHING SQUIRRELS WHICH, ON THE CONTINENT, ARE SAID TO FORM ITS MAIN DIET: THE PINE-MARTEN (*MARTES MARTES MARTES*), WHICH IS A RICH WARM BROWN IN COLOUR, WITH A CONSPICUOUS PATCH OF CREAMY OR YELLOWISH-BUFF ON THE THROAT AND CHEST.

THE FUNERAL OF MR. D. S. SENANAYAKE.



THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE PRIME MINISTER OF CEYLON: A VIEW OF THE COFFIN BEING CARRIED INTO PARLIAMENT HOUSE FOR THE LYING-IN-STATE.



THE CREMATION OF THE LATE MR. D. S. SENANAYAKE IN INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, COLOMBO: A VIEW OF THE FUNERAL PYRE AFTER THE TORCHES HAD BEEN APPLIED.



THE NEW PRIME MINISTER OF CEYLON (LEFT) AT THE FUNERAL RITES OF HIS FATHER: MR. D. SENANAYAKE WITH HIS HANDS JOINED IN PRAYER.

The body of Mr. D. S. Senanayake, the first Prime Minister of Ceylon, who died on March 22 from injuries received when he was thrown from his horse on the previous day, was taken from his residence on March 24 to Parliament House for the lying-in-state. The coffin was carried up the steps by leading members of the Opposition parties in the Ceylon House of Representatives and nearly a million people filed past the coffin in homage. On March 29 the coffin was taken in procession to Independence Square, Colombo, where it was placed on an impressive funeral pyre built in the shape of the temple at Buddha Gaya. Following Buddhist funeral rites, in which the new Prime Minister, Mr. Dudley Senanayake, participated, torches were applied to the pyre. The streets were lined by 750,000 people dressed in white, the Buddhist colour for mourning, and her Majesty the Queen was represented by Lord Soulbury, the Governor-General.

NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC: PALACE HOUSE.

Palace House, the residence of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu in the New Forest, was opened to the public on April 8 and will remain open until October 31, excluding Mondays (Bank Holidays excepted). The house was originally the Great Gatehouse of the Cistercian Abbey which was founded by King John in 1204. It was converted into a private residence by Thomas Wriothesley, the first Earl of Southampton, who at the time of its dissolution bought the Abbey and its lands from Henry VIII. The main feature in the house will be the first veteran car museum to be established in this country. It is named the Montagu Motor Car Museum in memory of Lord Montagu's father, who was a pioneer of motoring. The museum will contain a collection of cars built before 1905 and a collection of photographs, relics and trophies connected with early motoring days. Another museum will show the history of Buckler's Hard, a famous shipbuilding yard, in models, documents and plans.



NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC: A VIEW OF PALACE HOUSE, BEAULIEU, WHICH WAS FORMERLY THE GREAT GATEHOUSE OF THE CISTERCIAN ABBEY.



LEADING TO THE HISTORIC HOME OF LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU: THE ENTRANCE GATEWAY TO PALACE HOUSE, WHICH WAS OPENED TO THE PUBLIC ON APRIL 8.

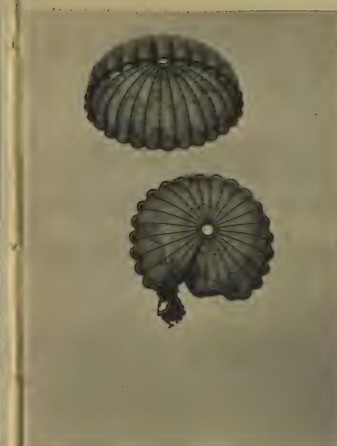
THE CAMERA'S VIEW OF EVENTS ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR: A MISCELLANY OF RECENT NEWS ITEMS IN PICTURES.



(LEFT) THE R.A.F. TO THE RESCUE: A VIEW FROM A LAWSON AIRCRAFT OF A BOAT PARTY STRANDED IN THE LIBYAN DESERT AFTER A BREAK-DOWN.

Recently a bus returning from Gado (100 miles south of Benghazi) to the Kufra Oasis broke down in the Libyan Desert and was not found by police patrols. The R.A.F. was asked to assist and a *Lawson* aircraft was sent from Malta to operate at El Adem and search the area. The aircraft located the bus and dropped supplies to the twenty-seven occupants.

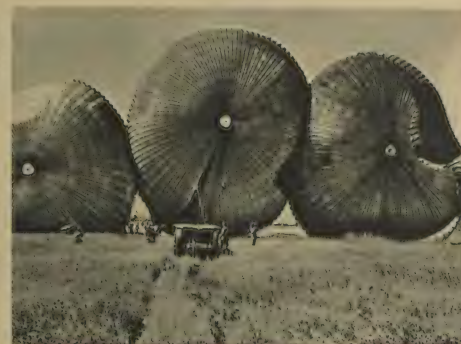
(RIGHT) THE STORK CALLS AT THE LONDON 200: PEGGY ONE OF THE HIDING CAMELS, WITH HER CALF, WHICH WAS NOW SILENTLY AND IS NOW ON VIEW TO THE PUBLIC. PEGGY'S FORTY-ONE CALVES HAD NOT SURVIVED.



(LEFT) A BREATH-TAKING MOMENT IN A U.S. AIR-BORNE EXERCISE: TWO PARACHUTERS COLLIDING IN MID-AIR AS THEY DROP TO EARTH. THE MEN ARE TRAINED TO HOLD ON TO EACH OTHER TO PREVENT THEIR PARACHUTES FROM TANGLING.

(RIGHT) PREPARING TO COLLAPSE THE GIANT PARACHUTES, WHICH HAVE JUST LAYED DOWN SOME HEAVY EQUIPMENT: AN AIRBORNE U.S. ARMY UNIT IN JAPAN.

Our photograph shows members of the 808th Quartermaster Airborne Army unit trying to deflate the giant parachutes which have just landed a piece of heavy equipment during a test drop from C-119 Flying Boats in Japan. Similar drops take place under war conditions in Korea.



REFUELLING NEAR THE NORTH POLE: TWO U.S. NAVY AIRCRAFT WITH BLOCKS OF POLAR ICE IN THE FOREGROUND THROWN UP BY THE WIND AND CURRENT. TWO U.S. Navy aircraft which took part in the recent Operation "Skid Jump" are seen in our photograph refuelling near the North Pole. The aircraft on the left was abandoned after its landing gear collapsed on March 27 and its nine passengers were rescued on March 31.



BUILDING UP ITS OWN SMOKE-SCREEN WHEN IN DIFFICULTIES: A CERTAIN TANK OF NEAR HOFME, IN THE BRITISH ZONE OF GERMANY. THE SMOKE-SCREEN WHICH WILL FORM THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY AND WHICH ARE AT PRESENT IN GERMANY WILL BE THE MOST POWERFUL STRIKING FORCE IN THE WORLD WHEN FULLY EQUIPPED WITH *Centurion* tanks, which have proved themselves in Korea as being second to none in manoeuvrability, accuracy of

(LEFT) CARRYING THE BATTLE-AXE OF "THE BATTLE-AXE COMPANY" OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY, THE 2ND MEDIAN REGIMENT, R.A., ARRIVE AT HONG KONG.

In 1909, in the Battle of Marston, the 25th Medium Battery, R.A., captured an eighteenth-century battle-axe and gained the title of "The Battle-Axe Company." The axe is now carried on parade by the tallest man (with a moustache) of the 2nd Medium Regiment—who recently relieved the 20th Medium Regiment at Hong Kong.

(RIGHT) THE RECENTLY-OPENED ZOOLOGICAL BUILDING AND MUSEUM OF THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON: STUDENTS IN THE NEW MUSEUM GALLERIES.

Besides the more normal museum galleries, the new buildings contain a cold room, with refrigerating plant making it possible to keep live marine and freshwater animals at constant low temperatures; an aquarium room; and an animal house in which a variety of animals—especially mice, rats and guinea pigs—are kept for experimental purposes. The collections in the museum are designed for systematic rather than general study.



THE 11TH ARMOUR DIVISION DEMONSTRATING ITS FIGHTING QUALITIES ON A TANK RANGE: HOME EJECTORS CAN BE SEEN AT THE FRONT OF THE TURRET.



(LEFT) BREWSTER THE "HOME OF DISCOVERY": LEAK ALUMINUM DOME WHICH WILL BE BUILT INTO USE ONCE MORE THE PARADISE PLANTATION RESERVOIR AT EAST-INDIA.

After sixty years of disuse the Eastbourne Paradise Plantation is being brought into use again. It is being covered with an aluminium dome similar to that of the "Dome of Discovery," but less than half the latter's size. The object of the dome is to keep the water clean in the circular reservoir.

(RIGHT) COOKING CAMPAIGN BY SUNSHINE: AN INDIAN WOMAN COOKING IN A PRESSURE COOKER, WHICH THE SUN'S RAYS COOK VEGETABLES IN FIFTEEN MINUTES.

This solar cooker, which has been developed by India's National Physics Laboratory, can (it is hoped) be mass-produced for about 10 pence. It concentrates the sun's rays in a cooking pot with a pressure cooker. It is said to be capable of cooking vegetables. An example was recently presented to Pandit Nehru. It is said to produce power equivalent to about 300 watts.

THE FIRST OF A NEW SERIES OF ATOMIC TESTS IN NEVADA: AN ALL FOOLS' DAY EXPLOSION PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A MOUNTAIN 55 MILES AWAY.

On April 1 the first in a new series of atomic tests took place in Nevada, when a bomb was dropped from an aircraft and exploded at an estimated height of 1000 ft. above the ground. No troops or animals took part in the test, but it has been announced that U.S. troops will learn to attack across an area blasted only a short time previously by an atomic barrage.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

MAGIC CIRCLES.

By J. C. TREWIN.

COMMENTATORS have long had their fun with "The Tempest." The storm that has beaten around this fantasy of island music and magic, sounds and sweet airs, has still not blown itself out. Before going to Stratford-upon-Avon for the latest revival, I told a visitor, who was hearing the play for the first time, roughly what to expect: "a story describing allegorically the psychological experiences of initiation"; a play that was largely the work of the Countess of Pembroke and Sir Walter Raleigh; "a terrible nightmare about an old scientist on an island who... tortured poor Caliban with rheumatism and frightened him with spangled spooks"; a play of which an endeared critic wrote:

Were a greater than Ariel to wing down from Heaven and stand and offer me to choose which, of all the books written in the world, should be mine, I should choose—not the "Odyssey," not the "Æneid," not the "Divine Comedy," not "Paradise Lost," not "Othello" nor "Hamlet" nor "Lear"; but this little matter of 2000-odd lines—"The Tempest."

The first two ideas are those of determined students resolved to show that black and white are really green and rose-pink; the third is a quotation from a speech by Lady Pitts in Bridie's comedy of "Daphne Laureola"; and the fourth extract is from a famous essay by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

I do not know how many times "Q" heard the play in the theatre. "The Tempest" seems to me to be first of all for the study, though obviously—if treated with imagination—it must always hold the stage. Certainly it would have done so upon that night, early in 1613, when it was revived as an epithalamic masque for the young English Princess who would reign as Elizabeth of Bohemia, the Winter Queen.

For "Q," as for many writers, the fantasy occupies the very core of the Magic Circle. Here

a producer, himself a Prospero, will give to us the fantasy unimpaired. We shall have to make allowances no more. The yellow-sanded isle will be established for ever, and we shall sit in the theatre, saying, as "Q" does, that the play "forces tears for sheer beauty; with a royal sense of this world and how it passes away, with a catch at the heart of what is to come." The magician who at last summons the full "Tempest" will think first, I am sure, about



"INTELLIGENTLY DONE, BUT RARELY FINDS THE PROPER RHYTHM": "UNCLE VANYA," BY ANTON TCHEHOV, PRODUCED BY JOHN FERNALD AT THE ARTS THEATRE—A SCENE FROM ACT I. SHOWING (L. TO R.) MARINA (NORA NICHOLSON), ILVA TELYEGHIN (JEFFREY SEGAL), DR. MIKHAIL LVOVICH ASTROV (JOHN JUSTIN), SOPHIA ALEXANDROVNA (JENNY LAIRD), ELENA ANDREYEVNA (HELEN SHINGLER), ALEXANDER VLADIMIROVICH SEREBRYAKOV (NOEL ILIFF) AND VANYA (CYRIL LUCKHAM).

the words, and not worry too much about his scenic apparatus.

Michael Benthall, whose "Tempest" returns to Stratford with a new cast, is a pictorial producer of tact and ingenuity. He and his designer, Loudon Sainthill, have here tried, cunningly, to create an aquarium-world that looks submarine, glaucous. It is the kind of view that Captain Nemo and his voyagers might have seen when they gazed from Jules Verne's *Nautilus*. Once more I found this strange island-scene growing upon me as the play progressed. When the Masque of Iris was over, the candle-coronets were flaring before the glimmer of daybreak, and Prospero's magic had gathered to a head, I believed in the vision, "harmonious charmingly." But again belief took some time. I am still quite unpersuaded by the substitute for a tempest: the whirl and flourish of scarves, nymph-brandished, that must represent for us the havoc of that great sea-storm, among the thunder and lightning, when seas mounted to "the welkin's cheek," and Miranda cried to her father to allay the roaring of the surge.

Producers have always had trouble with that storm. (At Oxford once, in an open-air revival, there was a disastrous attempt to filter the tempest through a loud-speaker.) The simpler the means, the more impressive the result—as we saw and heard last autumn at the Mermaid Theatre. One thing a producer cannot afford to do with the first scene is to prettify it, and that is what is happening at Stratford.

When all is said, when we have quarrelled with Mr. Benthall's storm, and when we have recognised his expert handling of the inner masque, "The Tempest" must depend—as always—upon its speaking, and especially upon the Prospero. The part must be humanised without loss of its majestic harmonies, its majestic serenity. John Gielgud once did this to admiration. Sir Ralph Richardson, at Stratford, is never serene. This Prospero, though he can be human enough—he is not pompous and pedantic—gives too often an impression of a well-meaning man who is trying to recollect something he has lost. In so doing he chops the verse into short lengths and throws away the quality that makes Prospero great.

The new enchanter does not use the persuasive reading after the masque, "I think thee, Ariel." He might well do so, for Margaret Leighton is a spirit of thought, a flash in the island air; a colleague has called her a silver arrow, and the phrase is apt. Although this Ariel does not efface my memories of Alan Badel last season, it is a summoning performance. So also is Michael Hordern's Caliban, accurately judged, never over-grunted, over-shambled. The rest of the playing suffices—Raymond Westwell's Gonzalo is above the average, no grinding bore—but it is not yet a major "Tempest," a fantasy in splendour; it does not move in magic circles.

We have, alas, to say this of "Uncle Vanya," at the Arts Theatre, a play that for Tchekhovians should be something to revere. The new production seldom enchants the mind. Jenny Laird gets close to Sonya's heart, a warm, courageous Sonya; and John Justin has the manner for Astrov, though he needs more edge. Cyril Luckham's Vanya—a part acted superbly for the Old Vic by Ralph Richardson—is blurred. For once, at the close of a Tchekhov revival, I came out hardly moved.

"Lady Susan," written originally in the form of letters, has never been in the centre of Jane Austen's magic circle. Indeed, the name has always meant to me two lines by Hardy, in quite another context, "And the Squire and Lady Susan sleep in Mellstock churchyard now." Miss Austen's eponymous



"SOME DISTANCE FROM MISS AUSTEN'S PERIOD OR FROM THE RESTORATION... BUT SHE CAN POINT THE WAY TO THE MAGIC CIRCLE, EVEN IF SHE DOES NOT REACH IT": DINAH SHERIDAN AS LADY SUSAN, WITH RICHMOND NAIRNE AS SIR JAMES, IN JANE AUSTEN'S "LADY SUSAN," AT THE NEW BOLTONS THEATRE CLUB.

Shakespeare's verbal magic is at its most potent. But thrust the play carelessly into the theatre, and inevitably much of the enchantment fades. Prospero can appear long-winded, pompous; Ariel comes down to earth; the lovers are pale, the comedians laboured, Caliban is an anxious character-man, and nobody can help the stray Neapolitans and Milanese, who seem to wander about through a night of doubt and sorrow.

I have met that kind of production several times. Yet, somehow, the play has managed to survive the clumsiest handling. At curtain-fall the failures are forgotten, "Ariel and all his quality" shine in the mind, and we are ready for the next attempt. One day



GIVING "ONE OF THE BEST-TIMED PIECES OF NONSENSE IN MODERN VAUDEVILLE": THE WIERE BROTHERS, "ASSURED CLOWNS, WITH MILDRED SEYMOUR GRACEFULLY PHILOSOPHIC AT THE PIANO," IN VARIETY AT THE PALLADIUM.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"GIBRALTAR VISTA" (New Torch).—Alex Monroe amuses himself by suggesting some of the things that might have happened in Southern Spain, over the way from the Rock, during 1943. Amiable melodrama, amiably acted. (March 18.)

VARIETY (Palladium).—The Wier Brothers, assured clowns, with Mildred Seymour gracefully philosophic at the piano, give one of the best-timed pieces of nonsense in modern vaudeville. (March 24.)

"THE TEMPEST" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—Sir Ralph Richardson's Prospero, not fully master of Shakespeare's arts, heads a revival of Michael Benthall's production in which Margaret Leighton's flashing Ariel and Michael Hordern's Caliban are the most impressive newcomers. The tempest itself is still curiously balletic. (March 25.)

"STALEY HOMES" (Embassy).—An odd composition by two authors, Warwick Charlton and John Audley, who seem uncertain whether their play is to be a farce or a crook drama, and who fall with a thud between the two. (March 26.)

"UNCLE VANYA" (Arts Theatre Club).—John Fernald is not in his full Tchekhovian form. The play, intelligently done, rarely finds the proper rhythm, though one or two performances—Jenny Laird's Sonya, for example—linger. (March 27.)

"LADY SUSAN" and "THE CONSTANT LOVER" (New Boltons).—Joanne Holbrook has expanded the letters of Jane Austen's early fragment, and Basil Ashmore has produced with style, though the chief part could be better played. Hankin's duologue, twenty minutes of thistledown, is guided along charmingly by Alan Wheatley and Olga Edwardes. (March 28.)

character (as we say ponderously) is almost a throw-back to a Restoration coquette, a heartless woman whose matrimonial intrigues, on her own behalf and her daughter's, have been turned into an elegant little play by Joanne Holbrook. Basil Ashmore has produced it rightly. He has an actor, in Alan Wheatley, with an infallible sense of period, and another—Richmond Nairne—to give a sharply assured study in affectation. Dinah Sheridan, the Lady Susan, is some distance from Miss Austen's period or from the Restoration. Still, she knows obviously what the woman is intended to be: she can point the way to the magic circle, even if she does not reach it.

A DRAMA OF ROYALLY WISE TUDOR GIRLHOOD: "THE YOUNG ELIZABETH."



PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S HOUSE AT HATFIELD: LORD ROBERT TYRWHITT (BASIL DIGNAM), PRINCESS ELIZABETH (MARY MORRIS) AND LADY TYRWHITT (BETTY ENGLAND) IN "THE YOUNG ELIZABETH" AT THE NEW THEATRE.



LORD THOMAS SEYMOUR, UNCLE OF EDWARD VI., AND SECOND HUSBAND OF QUEEN KATHERINE PARR (JOSEPH O'CONOR): HIS CONDUCT TOWARDS THE PRINCESS BROUGHT HIM TO THE BLOCK.



THE HOUSE OF THE QUEEN DOWAGER IN CHELSEA IN 1547: LORD THOMAS SEYMOUR (JOSEPH O'CONOR), SECOND HUSBAND OF QUEEN KATHERINE PARR (MARGARETTA SCOTT); AND (RIGHT) ELIZABETH (MARY MORRIS).



DAUGHTER OF QUEEN KATHERINE OF ARAGON AND HENRY VIII.: MARY I. (PEGGY THORPE-BATES) WHO REIGNED FROM 1553 TO 1558.



THE YOUNG PRINCESS ELIZABETH, AFTERWARDS ELIZABETH I., DAUGHTER OF QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN AND HENRY VIII.: MARY MORRIS.



THE LAST WIFE OF HENRY VIII.: QUEEN KATHERINE PARR (MARGARETTA SCOTT), WHO MARRIED LORD THOMAS SEYMOUR AS HER SECOND HUSBAND.



LORD THOMAS SEYMOUR (JOSEPH O'CONOR) AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH (MARY MORRIS): SCANDALOUS TALES OF THEIR LOVE BROUGHT SEYMOUR TO THE BLOCK AND ENDANGERED THE SECURITY OF THE PRINCESS.



AT PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S HOUSE AT HATFIELD: LORD ROBERT TYRWHITT (BASIL DIGNAM), LORD WILLIAM CECIL (GODFREY KENTON), PRINCESS ELIZABETH (MARY MORRIS) AND DAME KATHERINE ASHLEY (MARGARET SCUDAMORE).

Princess Elizabeth Tudor, daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, had in youth to walk amid perils. "The Young Elizabeth," by Jennette Dowling and Francis Letton, presents her in these years of danger. First produced by the Repertory Players last year, it is now presented at the New Theatre. On Henry VIII.'s death, Elizabeth went to live with her step-mother, Katherine Parr. Lord Thomas Seymour, uncle of Edward VI., attempted to present himself as a suitor for the Princess; but married Katherine Parr. Scandal linked his

name with that of Elizabeth, and only by a display of wisdom and prudence beyond her years did she escape disaster. Seymour was executed in 1549; and her words on hearing the news, "This day died a man of great wit and little wisdom," are quoted in the play. Her relations with her step-sister Mary I. were exceptionally difficult, and after Wyatt's attempted rebellion she was thrown into the Tower; and subsequently sent to Woodstock. The play presents the events of these perilous years with telling effect. (Portraits by Denis de Marney.)



(ABOVE.) BLARNEY CASTLE, COUNTY CORK, WHOSE BATTLEMENTS THE FAMOUS BLARNEY STONE IS NOT TO LEAVE: AND (RIGHT) KISSING THE BLARNEY STONE, AN ACROBATIC FEAT SUPPOSED TO CONFER THE GIFT OF ELOQUENCE.

In the recently published will of Sir George Oliver Colthurst, the owner of Blarney Castle and the Blarney Stone until his death in February 1951, the Blarney Stone is left on trust as a family heirloom and the trustees are forbidden to remove it from the battlements or sell it. The first trustee is Mrs. Penelope Hamilton, the daughter of the present holder of the baronetcy.

IRELAND, SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND: NEWS OF LAND AND SEA IN PICTURES.



THE SCENE IN THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE DURING THE ELECTION OF A SCOTTISH REPRESENTATIVE PEER TO SIT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN PLACE OF THE LATE EARL OF PERTH.

By the casting vote of Lord Elphinstone, Lord Perth was elected to sit in the Lords as a Scottish Representative Peer in place of his late father. There were three candidates for the vacancy, Lords Perth and Reay, who gained nineteen votes each, and Lord Northesk, who received four votes. Fourteen Scottish peers attended and signed lists gave the proxy votes of twenty-nine peers. Lord Elphinstone had presided at the election and gave his casting vote for Lord Perth.



THE S.S. *KENYA CASTLE* LEAVES FOR HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: THE NEW 17,000-TON UNION CASTLE LINER LEAVING TILBURY FOR HER MAIDEN VOYAGE ROUND AFRICA, THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL AND BACK TO ENGLAND VIA THE SOUTH AFRICAN PORTS AND THE CANARY ISLANDS.

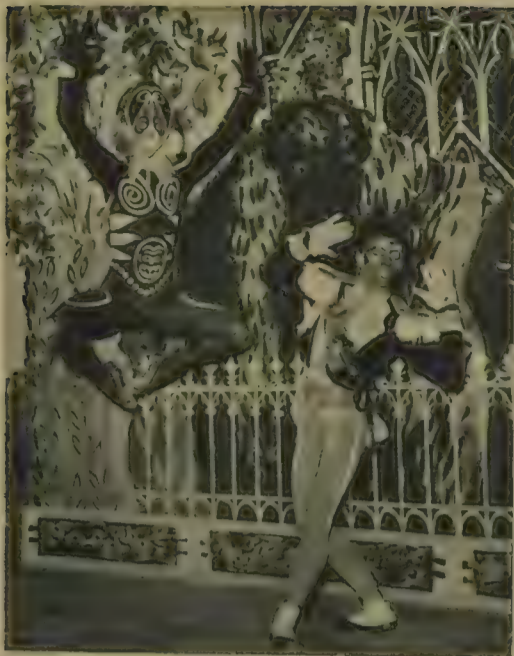
The S.S. *Kenya Castle* is a twin-screw turbine steamer, built for the Union-Castle Mail Steamship Co., Ltd., by Harland and Wolff, Ltd. She is a sister-ship to *Rhodesia Castle*, which recently completed her maiden voyage; and to *Braemar Castle*, which is to be launched on April 24. She carries 530 passengers, who will all use the same exceptionally attractive public rooms.



THE YACHT *MARABU* LEAVING GOSPORT, MANNED BY A NAVAL CREW, EN ROUTE FOR THE NEWPORT-BERMUDA RACE IN JUNE.

The ex-German yacht *Marabu* (26 tons and of the "Overlord" class) sailed from Gosport on March 31, with a naval crew of eight, under the command of Lieut.-Commander S. S. Brooks, R.N. After crossing the Atlantic she will compete in the Newport-Bermuda race in June.

DANCING "A CAUTIONARY TALE": "BONNE BOUCHE," THE NEW BALLET.



THE AFRICAN KING IN SOUTH KENSINGTON WITH THE WITCH DOCTOR: ALEXANDER GRANT AND PETER CLEGG IN JOHN CRANKO'S BALLET "BONNE BOUCHE," TO ARTHUR OLDHAM MUSIC.



WEALTH OR DEVOTION? THE DAUGHTER (PAULINE CLAYDEN) BETWEEN THE AFRICAN KING (ALEXANDER GRANT) AND THE LOVER (BRIAN SHAW).



THE MATCHMAKING MOTHER, WHO IS DETERMINED THAT THE DAUGHTER SHALL MARRY WELL: PAMELA MAY DANCING IN THE SCENE IN SOUTH KENSINGTON.



THE LEAGUE OF LIGHT'S REVIVALIST DANCE IN SOUTH KENSINGTON: THE MEMBERS ARE LESLIE EDWARDS, FRANKLIN WHITE, RAY POWELL, ANNE HEATON, MARGARET DALE AND APRIL OLRICH.



THE LEAGUE OF LIGHT, WHICH THE LOVER HAS JOINED, ARRIVE IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE: ONE BY ONE, ALL SAVE THE LOVER, THEY ARE KILLED.



THE TERRIBLE STEAMING TUREEN: THE LOVER (BRIAN SHAW) OPENS IT AND DISCOVERS THAT IT CONTAINS THE DAUGHTER'S ROSE, HER DIAMOND NECKLACE AND HER RING.



THE END: THE AFRICAN KING (ALEXANDER GRANT) ON THE BALCONY CONTENT WITH HIS "BONNE BOUCHE," WATCHED BY THE LOVER (BRIAN SHAW) AND THE MOTHER (PAMELA MAY).

"Bonne Bouche," described as "a cautionary tale," the new ballet to music by Arthur Oldham, with choreography and scenario by John Cranko and scenery and costumes by Osbert Lancaster, was presented at Covent Garden on April 4 by the Sadler's Wells Company, and was due for performance thrice this week. It will be given on May 3, 6, 7 and 9, when the Sadler's Wells Ballet returns to Covent Garden. The story opens in South Kensington, where the Mother is

trying to get the Daughter well-married. She jilts the young Lover, but her rich old fiancé dies; and the Lover joins the League of Light and goes to Africa: The African King comes to Kensington and woos her. She accepts him, though the Lover has returned. But the African King wanted a "Bonne Bouche," not a wife, and when the Lover, his suspicions aroused, breaks into the house, he finds no Daughter—only a tureen containing her necklace, rose and ring.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

PURISTS may take the line that size, in fiction, ought not to count—that it has no connection with aesthetics. But of course it counts; it is repulsive or attractive in its own right. And the inexorably leading feature of "The Man on a Donkey," by H. F. M. Prescott (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 2 Vols.; 25s. the set) is its sheer bulk. Though the historical novel runs to bulk, for obvious and simple reasons, this is something extraordinary. And even if you like the genre, it may induce a shrinking. I am afraid this will be aggravated by the author's Note, and by her little prefatory flourishes. The book, she tells us, has the form of a chronicle. "This form, which requires space to develop itself, has been used in an attempt to introduce the reader into a world, rather than at first to present him with a narrative. . . . Only later, when the characters should by this means have become familiar, does the theme of the whole book emerge, as the different stories which it contains run together and are swallowed up in the tragic history of the Pilgrimage of Grace. And throughout, over against the world of sixteenth-century England, is set that other world, whose light is focused, as through a burning-glass, in the half-crazy mind of Malle the serving-woman. . . ."

I have quoted at length, because the Note is equally revealing and deceptive; it tells us just what to expect, but makes it sound like hard work. Whereas, in fact, Miss Prescott has done all the work. Instead of plodding through a jungle, we are borne enchantingly on a clear stream.

The little priory in Swaledale is the heart of the book; and it is all simplicity and peace. This is the life that Henry, and his agent Cromwell, mean to put down. It is for Marriack that the North will rise, and Robert Aske invite the unendurable. And it is here that Malle, the reputed mermaid, sees the saviour of men, riding a donkey over Grinton Bridge. For Robert's agony is to be vain, and yet not wasted, like the pains of Christ.

But though the theme is large and deeply moving, it is never massive. The story does not gather, as was meant, into a great wave; it is a tapestry of scenes, in which the actual rising fails to stand out. We are aware of portents and of anti-climax, but the event itself is here and gone, one scarcely knows how. This is in part, I think, because the author has refused to meddle with what really happened. But it is partly a defect of method. The "chronicle"—the series of immediate glimpses, unconnected by narrative—is more at ease with individuals than with policies or mass movements.

But all the rest is praise. The other characters are wholly alive. In little July, the invented heroine who loves Robert Aske, there is an almost cruel intensity of pathos. And the background, indoors and out, the evocation of a vanished age, is simply wonderful. It represents, indeed, a mass of labour—but a labour of love; and so it is not merely vivid but enchanting. I won't say that the novel does not seem long; it takes a long time to get through. Yet it has so much charm that one could wish it longer.

By contrast, any runner-up must be a skimpy and complete change.

"The Oracle," by Edwin O'Connor (Reinhardt and Evans; 10s. 6d.), is a small book, even as ordinary novels go; but it is very neat and shrewd. Some critics take it as a theme of horror, and I see their point; grim things might well be written, as, in fact, they have been, of commercial radio. And in real life, Christopher Usher is perhaps a menace. Here he is such a joke that if he came to grief one would be sorry.

And grief seems rolling up for him on every side. At first there is no speck on the horizon. Five nights a week, 5,000,000 citizens absorb his gospel. "These people," as he tells his wife, "are baffled, mystified, discouraged by the world to-day; they want to know what it all means, they want to know if there's a way out of the darkness, they want to know if life is really worth living. And that's where I came in. I came in to bring them the news, but more than that, to tell them what the news means. . . ." Not that he has the foggiest idea; but he consults his heart, and where the heart is sound investigation is superfluous. Now he is asking for a rise, and feels secure of getting it, and has the luscious Lura for his spare time.

Then, unbelievably, the clouds rush up; the tempest rumbles; all is black dark. Of course, it serves him right, and it is very funny—yet not too funny to convince. And in the end, one hopes with confidence, he will be let off.

"Love Bade Me Welcome," by John Lodwick (Heinemann; 13s. 6d.), is a kind of thriller: but in the Lodwick strain, of course. And that means brilliant and satirical, and rather vulgar at the same time.

A woman has been strangled in her Paris flat. There are two sleuths at work, the French Letourneau and the English Cassell, both extremely articulate. Then there is Tania's wealthy lover, who was on the spot; also his wife, who was refusing to divorce him; and to complete the family, his daughter, who, in the interest of unpleasantness, is taking up with his discarded rival.

There had been scenes all round, and Charles, the man of wealth, is the Inspector's favourite; but Cassell obstinately picks the only person who is quite clear. However, none of this conveys the tone, still less the point—which quite surprisingly, and rather late in the day, turns out to be a pure and martyred love. So tragic feeling is the cue, but it is out of place; it just won't mix with the aggressive cynicism, the flamboyant coldness of the whole set-up.

"Death and Benedict," by Isabella Bayne (Werner Laurie; 10s. 6d.), is about crime and almoners in hospital. A queer old lady is brought in after a spell of dizziness. She is on tenterhooks to make a will, but "They" are dogging her, and so it must be done on the sly. That is where Benedict can help; he is the hospital solicitor. And from the first, he thinks that her "delusions" may have some foundation. Almost immediately, a fall downstairs, and then a fatal overdose, reveal that he was quite right. Suspects, among the patients and the staff, are very thick on the ground and there are plenty of goings-on. But these are prentice work; the setting is the real interest.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

KNIGHTS or bishops—which do you prefer? Fashion has varied. Of late decades it has gone in favour of the bishops, though occasional masters, whose minds refuse to flow in rectilinear paths, still exhibit a fondness for the twiddly-twisty knights.

To cross the board, the knight needs three moves, as compared with the bishop's one—which is a powerful argument for never letting your knights stray far from the centre of the board without good reason. The bishop's mobility can become rather devastating when exchanges have cleared much of the board but at the same time left behind them the possibility of a sudden flare-up of action in two or more different sectors; the slower knights may be still on their way to the scene of action when the game is over.

On the other hand, if the situation is blocked and turgid, a knight may be the more adaptable in making use of the relatively few empty squares that remain; and the master who enjoys this type of position will be correspondingly fonder of his knights.

As most people know, the bishop's great drawback is that he is confined, from first move to last, to squares of the colour of that which he starts on. Try to get your white-square bishop on to a black square—you can't, legally. So a pair of bishops forms a fine team, commanding the board between them; but a single bishop, when his companion has departed, may look somewhat forlorn. Left with a single bishop in an end-game, you may find him useless; he patrols the white squares, perhaps, with fire and fury—but your adversary has cunningly moved all his men on to black.

Though knights can wander on to white or black, they too have a limitation, less widely appreciated. They can only visit white and black in turn. With every move, a knight changes the colour of his square; if he moves on to white now, you can forecast with confidence that he'll be on black on moves 2, 4, 6, 8 . . . and so *ad infinitum*. If, for any reason, you want him on a black square on move 3, then

1852: you may want in vain;

1952: you've had it!



Troitzky based a neat problem on this. See the diagram. Black's pawn is moving down the board. White to move and win. The solution runs: 1. K-B3! K-R8; 2. K-B2, K-R7 (either here or two moves later, . . . P-R7 allows mate by Kt-Kt3); 3. Kt-Q4! K-R8; 4. Kt-B5, K-R7; 5. Kt-K3, K-R8; 6. Kt-B1, P-R7 (forced); 7. Kt-Kt3 mate.

All very simple. The knight comes in at just the appropriate moment but—this is the point of the problem—we only ensured this when we went K-B3 on move one. Had we "saved" a move by playing 1. K-B2 at once, we would have thrown away the win. It would then have been impossible to get the knight to KB1 in reply to . . . K-R8 by black. Try it!—and in trying you will learn a lot.

THE HUMANIST APPROACH.

ONE does not have to be (as I happen to be) a lover of France to read "The Making of France," by Marie-Madeleine Martin, translated by Barbara and Robert North (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 21s.), with admiration and enthusiasm. Any objective historian, whatever his or her personal views, will be impressed by this scholarly and, in some cases, challenging work by the first woman to win the "Grand Prix d'Histoire" of the French Academy. This is not a history in the text-book sense of the word, with a nice orderly procession of dates and a chronological description of battles and treaties. As its name implies, it is a well-documented, well-written analysis of the human elements and historical factors which have gone to the making of the France we know to-day. French historians, as Mlle. Martin points out, have oscillated between two extremes in their views on the early history of France. Originally they took the view that the Gauls were extremely primitive barbarians and that France owed everything to the influence of the long Roman occupation. When later, however, it was discovered that Gaul, like south-eastern Britain before the Romans, had a flourishing civilisation of its own, some scholars, such as Camille Jullian, went to the other extreme and, dazzled by such heroic Celtic figures as Vercingetorix, belittled the influence of the Romans and glorified the influence of the Celts at their expense. Mlle. Martin redresses the balance, though she states flatly that "it was Rome who brought to Gaul the political constitution without which she would never have become the home of one single nation." (The italics are hers.) Great, however, as were the gifts of Rome to Gaul during the three long centuries of the Pax Romana, when the golden years came to an end and the long period of peace was over, it was from the Celts, with their idea of personal loyalty of a man to his chief, that the revival of France and its ultimate welding into a single nation took place. Perhaps the most interesting part of Mlle. Martin's book, however, is the corrective she applies to many popularly-held views on pre-revolutionary France by placing in its correct perspective the greatness of the work of ten centuries of rule by the Capets. Not that she is blinded for a moment by the many faults of the Ancien Régime on the eve of the revolution—the blind clinging to privileges which were no longer justified by counter-vailing duties. Like the poet André Chénier, she has as little use for the emigré as for the Jacobins and sympathises with him when he bewailed the fate of a nation reduced to the choice between "Coblentz and the Jacobins." But she does see that the revolution, and particularly the events of 1792, have created that deep and apparently irreconcilable schism between Frenchmen which is at the bottom of every nauseatingly repeated Cabinet crisis of to-day. "The patriotism of the Jacobins," she writes, "contained the seeds of that principle which has inspired the most violent forms of modern nationalism. For ten centuries patriotism had summed up for the French all that they loved; with the Revolution it came to mean mainly a healthy hatred." Alas that "healthy hatred" carried too far during the intervening 160 years has led to a France where democratic politicians, like the Bourbons, have "learnt nothing and forgotten nothing," and where France's weakness in the face of Europe's common danger is the constant despair of her friends and her lovers. A wholly admirable book and one which I should like to see replacing most of the text-books used in the higher forms of schools and at the universities.

That gentle, civilised and delightful man, the late Robert Lynd, quotes Professor Butterfield of Cambridge on the dangers of misreading history. "Nations do remember one thing and another in the past. And so terrible are the evils of a little history that we must have more history as quickly as we can. . . . The study of history matters, not because it turns men into statesmen . . . but because in every genuine victory it gains it is contributing to the growth of human understanding." Robert Lynd quoted this in the admirable chapter, "What Use is History?" in the latest selection of his essays made by Mr. Richard Church entitled "Books and Writers" (Dent; 16s.). Reading these essays makes one regret that paper shortage and a change in public and journalistic taste has largely abolished the essay as a literary art form so that only a Harold Nicolson is left to hold aloft its last forlorn banner. For there is not one of these essays—and there are very many of them—that you cannot read with profit and delight. The profit lies in the fact that here you have some first-rate admirable criticism of the great literary figures of our time and of the past—the delight in the polished, balanced and admirable style of this liberal humanist who, as Ivor Brown says somewhere, "came in on the heels of Chesterton and Belloc, their rival in wit, fluency and style."

Mr. Henry Baerlein has passed his three-score-years-and-ten. I hope that when I reach my age I can look back on my life as he does in his latest book, "All Roads Lead to People" (Stanley Paul; 21s.), and feel that I have done as much and spent my time so agreeably and profitably. This is a book which carries the reader all over the world, from the author's early youth to the present day. Someone once said of one of his other books that it was the best travel book in English since Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." That is certainly a high standard. I am not quite convinced that the new book comes up to it, but if you want a most readable life-story and some delightful behind-the-scenes background to the history of our times during the past sixty years you cannot do better than to get it. And if you are a harassed professional after-dinner speaker I recommend it as a treasury of anecdote and humour.

A travel book of a more conventional nature, but none the less interesting, is "African Way," by Monica Krippner (Bles; 18s.). Miss Krippner, an Australian, drove from the Cape to Algiers in a leisurely and excursive fashion, taking seven months over the journey. One of the reasons for the journey was to study the problems which beset Africa at first-hand and her views on them show much good sense. The book is well illustrated by photographs and altogether makes agreeable and interesting reading.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



LEAD

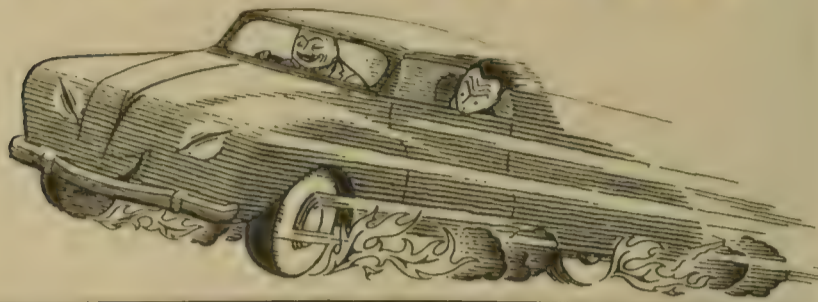
LEAD, one of the heaviest of the elements, is found in many parts of the world as galena or sulphide of lead. It is still mined in Northern England and in Wales. Lead was one of the first metals to be worked by Man. The baths of ancient Rome were supplied with water through pipes made of lead, and for centuries it has been used as a roofing material. Soft, easy to shape and resistant to corrosion, lead is still employed for these purposes, but today it has many other important uses. Large quantities alloyed with antimony are now used to make plates for electric accumulators and to protect insulated cables. Soft solder is an alloy of lead and tin, and alloys

of copper, tin and lead are used for bearings. Litharge, an oxide of lead, is used in making flint glass, pottery glazes and in the processing of rubber. Red lead, another oxide, and white lead, or lead carbonate are well known in the manufacture of paint. In the chemical industry, plant and equipment for the manufacture and storage of sulphuric acid are lined with lead because of its resistance to corrosion.

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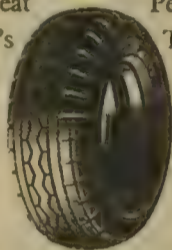


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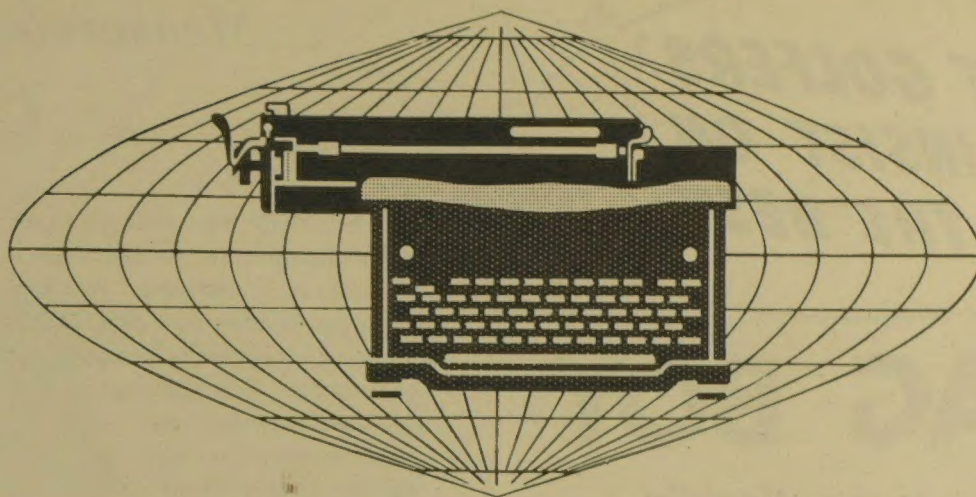
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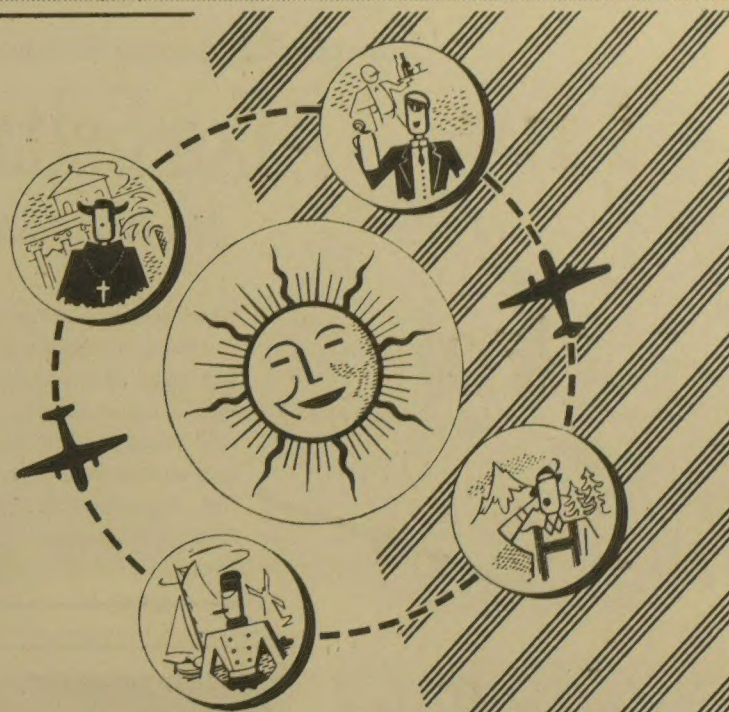
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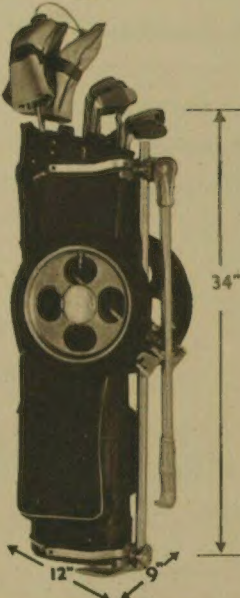
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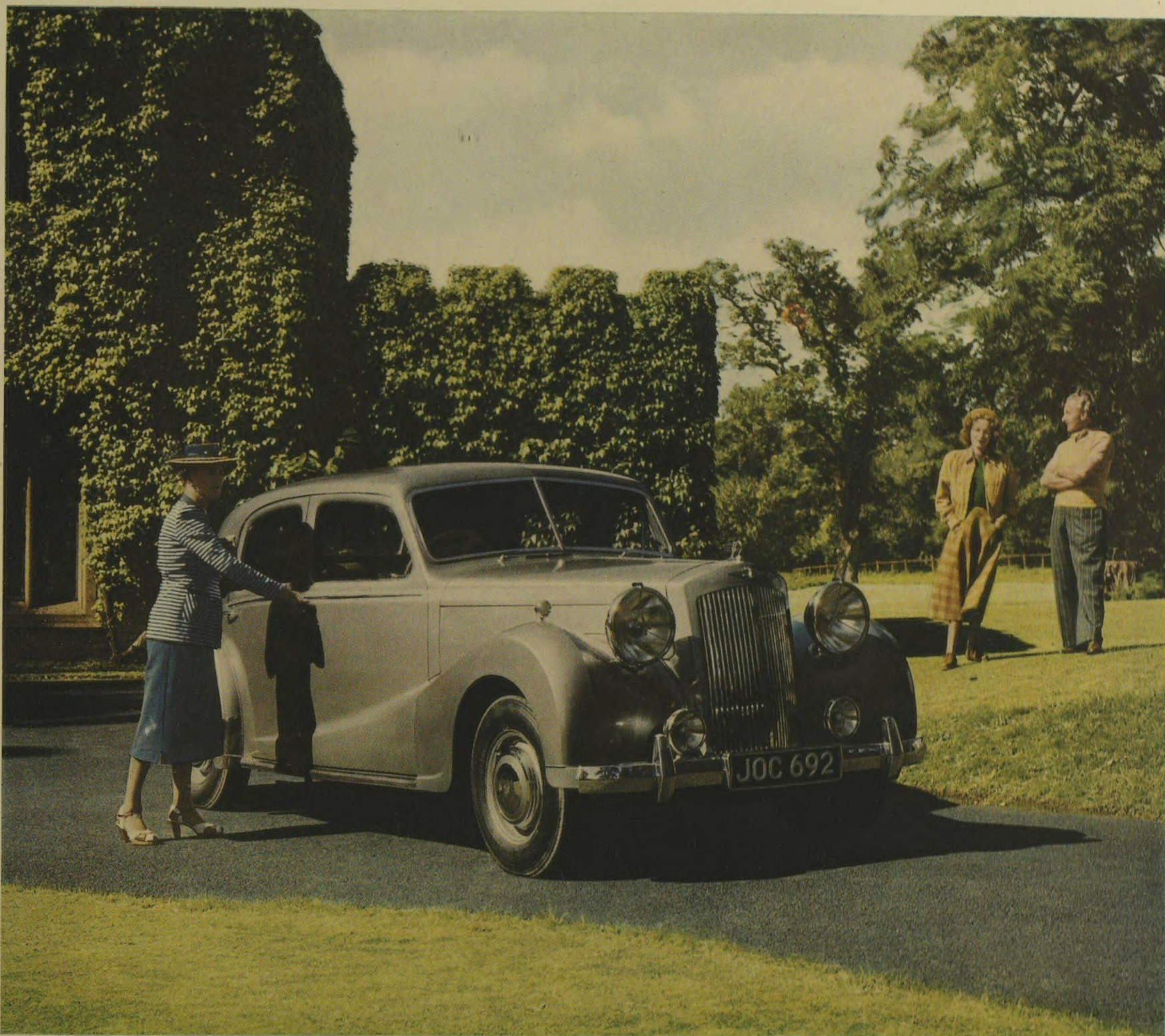


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No APRIL, 1952

Schweppshire  Post

p.6



With the Compliments
OF
**Schweppshire
Post**
HOME PAGE

COOKERY

WOO HIM WITH NATURAL FOODS



Have you tried raw cod sandwiches garnished with a bouquet of shredded turnip?

Serve on a bed of toasted red cabbage, if you want HIS eyes to light up.

FASHION



for
the
fuller
figger

IF NOT
ACTUALLY
FAT

For (B) the belt is extended

TEEN-AGE TONIC

Let me be your Uncle

A SPLIT-SECOND SERMON BY DR. PRESCHWEPT



From the thousands of letters you have written let me pick one. A simple question. "Why must I relax?" Relaxing is being. Is knowing. Is living. Let the impetus of relaxation come from

within out, never from without in. Muscle by muscle. Arms—and remember the bones. LET YOUR TEETH RELAX.

A S Preschwept P.T.O.



'POST' BAG

AN OLD BULB

We have in our home a 1900 electric bulb still working. On it is a picture of the Archduke Otto wearing a sailor suit. Would not gayer, painted bulbs help to brighten

our drab world of queues and form-filling?

(Miss) Evadne Schwepperfield

WORTH FOURPENCE

I have just come by a copy of Pilgrim's Progress marked with the date 1883. The price seems to have been 4d. What is its value now?

(Address not supplied)

NEW

Beauté FOR OLD



Schweppes Appeal

THROUGH SIMPLE EXERCISES

For nose and ears, this is POST'S Bi-manual: With right hand rotate nose anti-clockwise; with left pull out each ear in rhythmic countermotion, allowing it to spring back as nose reaches upwards position, so that the two blood supplies may interact.

GARDEN HINTS

'Marquess of Schwepstow'

For those of us who are carrot-minded, E. WILT, *Post's* carrot expert, reminds us of points to look for.

Note, in "Marquess", the high shouldering, absence of "waist", and abrupt taper.

1. Top or "pennant"
2. Shoulder
3. Underwing
4. Waist
5. Tip or "low-point"



Written by Stephen Potter. Drawn by Lewitt-Him

SCHWEPPERESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH